"OLD SATAN'S GAL," A NEW THRILLER, BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER.
WATCH OUT FOR ANOTHER GREAT DETECTIVE STORY TO BEGIN SOON.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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A Race With Death

STORY OF A FORGOTTEN TRAIN SIGNAL

By Alvah Milton Kerr

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THE first time that I sat down to receive a train order from the dispatcher my hand trembled; and the anxiety I felt then at the thought of controlling the safety of so many human lives constantly recurred to a greater or less degree during the fourteen years that I was a telegrapher.

After thirteen months at the key without serious error, I was transferred from a small station on a branch of the system to a station on the main line. The railway was one of four which now stretch from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains.

The village of Badger, at which I was stationed, is the seat of a county in Iowa. Some thirty miles west of it lies one of the principal cities of the State. Two of the great trunk lines entering this town run parallel, and sometimes very close together, for forty miles or more. At Badger, where I operated—incidentally checking baggage, writing way-bills, and otherwise aiding the stationmaster—the depots of the rival roads were not sixty yards apart.

Between the rival stationmasters there was something worse than coldness, and the train crews of the two lines sometimes chaffed each other till they became bitter.

The real rivalry between the employees of the roads, however, expressed itself most often in train-racing on the parallel tracks between Badger and the big town to the westward. Occasionally two trains would pull out of Badger at almost the same moment, and then there was sure to be a glaring contest for miles along the valley.

If the trains were freights, there would be much shaking of fists and yelling where the crews brought the processions of cars side by side; if passenger trains, there would be laughter, catcalls, waving of handkerchiefs.

I had learned telegraphing in a commercial office, and changed to railway work because it seemed to offer a better prospect of advancement. Being "green" respecting the duties and dangers of railroad telegraphy, I naturally tried hard to grasp and retain the verbal instruction given me by the superintendent in Chicago before I went out to work on the wires.

"One thing I wish to impress on your mind," the great man had said. "When ordered to hold a train, never turn back your signal simply to allow some other train, for which you have no orders, to go by without stopping. You will be tempted to do this; for sometimes you will receive an order to hold a freight train when a passenger train is almost due. You may say to yourself, 'I won't stop the passenger,' or you may say, 'If the passenger stops regularly at your station, I won't trouble the engineer to get off and come back to see if I have orders for him, but will drop my signal for the freight as soon as the passenger train has pulled out. Don't you do this, my boy; for sooner or later you will forget to drop your signal after the passenger has passed. Then the freight you were ordered to hold may get away from you. Then—well, you can fancy what might happen! Drop your signal when ordered to hold a train," he repeated, "do it instantly."

I think I appreciated the importance of this advice at the time it was given, but in the course of my work the temptation which the superintendent mentioned had presented itself so often, for the single-track road was crowded with trains, that my first keen sense of the importance of the warning had become somewhat blunted. At last the time came when I disregarded the warning. There were no serious consequences that time, or the second or the third or the fourth times, for I was alive to the importance of displaying my signal directly upon the departure of the train which I did not want to hold. But familiarity with danger breeds a dangerous ease of mind. The fatal moment of forgetfulness at last arrived.

At that time the regular schedules made a passenger train on the rival line and one of our freight trains—No. 12—leave Badger, both going westward, at nearly the same moment. One very hot July day I received an order to hold this freight train—No. 12—for orders. It usually met our east-bound express at a siding seven miles west of Badger, the freight train taking the siding as a matter of course, and thus permitting the express to pass without stopping. But

THE MASTER OF THE MILLS;

Or, Mildred Starbard's Peril

By L. A. Jocelyn Smith

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CHAPTER IX.
UNLEASHED.

DURING the remainder of his visit, Horace saw little of his friend. The doctor was unusually busy, and his guest absorbed himself in solitude, finding amusement at the billiard tables, the ball games, and the races.

"I suppose you take a holiday and come with me to Haselden; you are looking worried. Perhaps you have had time there to think; can not have while you have your swarm of patients to attend," suggested Horace, one evening, when he dropped in at the office.

"I was on the point of making that suggestion," agreed Dunbar. "As you know, it is almost an impossibility for me to give you an hour's spare time. I can leave my patients with Doctor Brown; I think I will take the trip, and will make arrangements with him at once."

In truth, Horace was getting utterly unnerved. The memory of what was beneath his feet each time he visited the mill, filled him days with horror and nights with the ugly dreams, and he was rejoiced to secure the companionship of his friend on the trip.

The doctor's decision had quite a different origin, and when he packed his valise in readiness for departure, the time-worn wallet was safely reposing in the inside coat pocket.

The four hours' journey was accomplished without accident, and at sundown the twain stepped upon the platform at Riverdale station.

As the assembled crowd caught a glimpse of the new arrivals, a murmur arose, and a curious murmur arose, and more than once a threatening growl.

"There he is, the sneaking cur that cut our wages!"

"We'll make him take back-water or know the reason why!"

"Don't make any of your gum-games of starting up with a scab-gang, young chocolate, or we'll make you sick of your job!"

Horace Littlefield comprehended, full well, to whom these hostile remarks were referred. The Haselden carriage was in waiting, and calling to his coachman, he bade him drive at full speed. A thunderous cheer dashed forward at a heedless pace, the crowd surged back to the horses' fore-feet heels, and the carriage whirled over the street, rolling by the jeering mob, and wheeled into the bridge spanning the river, still driving at a spanking pace regardless of the sign, "Walk your horses like a bridge faster than a walk," until they reached the opposite bank, and entered into the shaded avenue leading to Haselden.

The gate opened without waiting for a word from the liveried servant, and the panting animals walked soberly up the graveled drive, and stopped before a broad, deep porch with massive pillars, through the vines of which peeped the gray roof of the mansion in an uncertain light.

Dunbar sprang away from his side, and on the instant Horace detected a disturbed flush upon her face. After a formal introduction, he rang the bell, and the door was thrown wide by an obsequious servant, and the panting animals walked soberly up the graveled drive, and stopped before a broad, deep porch with massive pillars, through the vines of which peeped the gray roof of the mansion in an uncertain light.

"Sacrilege! Pooh! It is the pleasantest room in the house, and I'm not burdened with heroics or sentiments. Come, doctor for a good fellow, and he must have the best of everything. Ah, Dunbar, you are here! I'm glad we're famished," and with this injunction Horace hurried to the bath.

After a hasty toilet he tapped at the doctor's door and found him ready for dinner, just as the bell rang.

"Have you heard anything from the striking miners?" he asked, as Dunbar and he walked carelessly, when they were seated at the table.

"Nothing positive; there are numerous rumors, but of course, I am the last to get the facts, but I am still quite of the opinion that it was exceedingly unwise to refuse Haselden's offer of compromise. Your uncle found the business remunerative at the wages he paid his men, and from what I am able to gather, the course you have taken is rendering you unpopular, to say the least."

"A fig for popularity, if it is to be maintained only at the expense of one's purse," exclaimed Horace, impatiently. "Of course they'll cool; I expected as much, and I have given my agent orders to fill their places. The order takes effect as soon as the necessary hands can be secured, and be secured, by the first of next month the Haselden Mill will be in full operation."

"I fear for the consequences," returned Mr. Granger, gravely. "Such action will deprive the employes of their means of subsistence, many of them young girls, entirely dependent upon their earnings, and they, in dogged spirit, or assisting their parents in the support of a family, will cause grumbling families; I feel the injustice, when you are rolling in wealth, living in luxury, and well able to afford the full amount. Horace, I feel as if the curse of the laboring class will follow you."

"Not 'us,' my dear cousin," returned Littlefield, with a scarcely veiled sarcasm in his smooth tones; "I alone am responsible in this matter, and am willing to take the consequences. Frankly, what can they do? Nothing. They may curse and rant, and threaten and show their break, but what will it avail them? They are as the dirt beneath my feet; they must yet speak openly."

James Dunbar's pale face flushed with suppressed anger; he was, for the moment, tempted to utter a scathing rebuke.

A low murmur, as of a rising wind, broke the stillness without, growing more and more distinct, increasing in volume; nearer and nearer it came, a fierce, savage growl, as from the throats of maddened beasts seeking their prey.

Horace Littlefield sprang to his feet and rushed to the window, leaning far out.

The moon softly waved and swayed in the night breeze, under the white moonlight the trees were casting their fantastic spray over and fell in fleecy clouds under the softened light.

All was peaceful, calm as an Eden, save for that dull, angry roar, which deepened, and grew more clearly distinct, a fearful roar, of a maddened mob, breaking into frightful yells of fierce menace, as far down the avenue, a black, heaving mass of human beings came into full view, yelling, howling, roaring the cries of defiance and hate.

"Surround the house!"

"Don't let the rascal escape!"

"Down with the tyrant!"

"We'll string him up to the nearest tree!"

The trembling man at the window caught the word "Haselden" on his face blanched with a chalky hue, he grasped the window ledge to support his form, fell upon his breast, and he crouched there, the picture of abject terror.

"There he is! Horace Littlefield, murderer! down with him!"

"Shoot him down like a craven hound!"

"Burn him!"

"Hang him!" shrieked a voice, "take him alive!"

"Don't it, we'll choke the truth from his cowardly throat!"

"We'll make him speak!"

"Where is Mildred Starbard?"

"What have you done with the body of our victim?"

"We'll make you wish that you'd never seen Haselden, you murderer!"

Horace felt his arm grasped with a powerful hand, and Dunbar drew him back from where he stood, in the full glare of the chandelier.

The maddened yell broke from the mob, louder, fiercer than before.

"We demand the murder!" moaned Mr. Granger, wringing her hands.

Dunbar did not seem to comprehend nothing of the significance of the murmured words.

"Have faith in me, dear madam," he said, hurriedly. "I will face the crowd; it will not be my first interview; two weeks a year I have stood before a maddened mob! Granger, I will save you, and Horace."

The next instant he stood upon the balcony, his stalwart form drawn up to its proudest height, his head held haughtily erect, a very king among men, his keen eyes turned full upon the surging mass below him, his features clearly revealed in the light of the chandelier, falling in a ghastly sheet through the open window, and by the clear moonlight shifting upon his uncovered head. A deep, involuntary murmur escaped the crowd, and they gazed silently at the man who had been their supposed foe to protect the guilty wretch cowering beyond the threading curtains of the window.

CHAPTER X.
"WITH MY DEATH-WOUND."

"Friends!" called Dunbar in his deep, musical voice. "Strong in my own integrity and innocence, I stand before you, unarmed, defenseless, at your mercy, and yet, I fear you not. Why should I fear me? Whatever your wrongs, your grievances, is this the manner to obtain redress?"

"We've come for justice!" called a voice from the crowd. "We don't know you, and we don't fear you, neither, but we've got that sneaking cur, Horace Littlefield, we're bound to get justice on him, if we have to fire the big palace he lives in."

"Horace Littlefield is within this building, and under the roof of Mr. Granger, a friend here, and others, women, employes as you are, and I implore you to spare them, by Heaven, I will protect them or die with them!"

His voice rang out in the clarion tones of command which thrilled the hearts of those who listened.

"Who are you, and what business is it of yours whether or not we have a just vengeance on the man who has been guilty of a foul murder? We will have justice!"

"Justice! Does he withhold Starbard's murderer?"

The frenzied cries broke hoarsely from stern lips.

Dunbar raised his hand with an imperative gesture, and in obedience to the mute command, silence reigned for a brief space, during which the singular fierceness of the fearless man broke the spell.

"You ask who I am, James Dunbar, a guest, a stranger at Haselden. I know nothing of the accusations you bring; you have spoken of murder, you have connected the name of the master of Haselden with a foul crime. Of its truth or falsity I know nothing, but even were he guilty, let the law, the law you helped to frame, take its course! Do not stain your manhood by the commission of a crime at which even savages might blush! Is there one among you who would wantonly set fire to a building where their breath, but what will it avail to them? They are as the dirt beneath my feet; they must yet speak openly."

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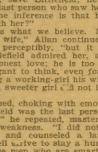
WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Need Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Brookfield, Mo.—"Two years ago I was unable to do any kind of work and only weighed 116 pounds. My trouble dates back to the time that women may look for relief from the Change of Life. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and from the first dose me feel much better, and I have continued its use. I am very grateful to you for such good health I am now enjoying."—Mrs. SARAH LOUSIGNONT, 414 S. Livingston Street, Brookfield, Mo.



The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

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If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

(Continued on page four.)

freight train No. 13 on this July day was preceded by a special train, which was ordered to make the siding west of Badger, and wait there for the express to pass. That both the freight and special might not be crowded on the siding at the same time, I was given orders to hold the freight at Badger.

Listening to the messages and orders flying to and fro upon the dispatcher's wire, I was fully aware of the situation. The special was making fast time toward the west, and I decided not to stop her. So I turned back my signal, which I had dropped for No. 12, the freight—I turned it back as the special approached. Accordingly she went by without stopping. Then I should have at once dropped my signal to stop the coming freight train. But as the special neared past our station, the freight engineer stepped hurriedly into my room and threw down some billing directions on my table. "Fire that onto paper quick, so the goods can go on No. 12," he said; "I've got to mark two of the boxes," and he hurried out.

No. 13 was almost due. I seized a pen and began hastily billing the goods, the all-important matter of holding the train being driven from my mind. Doubtless the engineer would have recurred to me, but first the proper classification of the stuff to be billed puzzled me, since the shipping directions were not entirely clear. Then I fell into doubt respecting the rate to be charged, the destination of the goods being on another road; and so No. 13 passed pulled up to the platform by the time I put the finished bill into the copying-press.

"Where's your bills?" I heard the conductor ask, as I stood waiting by the press.

"Bring the bills!" bawled the station-master. I caught up some bills I had previously made, and ran out. All the men were hot, grimy, and cross. I ran back in a moment, and attempted to take the copying-press paper from the press. A portion of it adhered so tightly to the copying-book that, jerking it in my haste, I tore the sheet into two parts. I began to mend the vexatious thing by pasting a piece of paper on and back with mucilage.

The conductor was shouting for me to hurry. Some one was calling me on the wire, and I opened the key and made the figure "1," which implied "Wait a moment." Then I ran out upon the platform with the bill. And then I saw No. 13 rumbling away with two of the brakemen pushing the door of a freight car shut. The conductor snatched the bill from my hand and swung upon the rear platform of the caboose.

Were, help me tell these boxes over against the wall, so as to clear a place for the baggage from No. 12 when it reaches here."

I fell to willingly, but as the third box banged against the heavy door, I noticed in order shut through my mind. I leaped back with a great breath and stood still an instant. No. 13 was rattling out through the switches at the western end of the yard. I glanced up at my signal. It was down. I had forgotten to drop it. Hot as it was, I seemed suddenly turned to ice.

"Twelve has gone without her orders!" I gasped.

I saw the agent's heat-reddened face whiten, but I only caught a glimpse of it, for I was suddenly out in the street. In a desperate hope, leaped through my brain. From that moment everything took on a strange and acute vividness and distinctness.

I turned and rushed into the office. The dispatcher was calling me furiously, using the signal "Wake up, Jim!" and the number "train-order." I dashed the circuit-breaker back and said, "No. 12 has gone," struck the circuit and sent the message. He read it promptly, then bounded into the ticket-office, brought a switch-key from a nail under the baggage checks, and leaped out of the open window upon the north platform.

I ran toward the rival road. Its afternoon express was some two hundred feet distant, and it was rolling away from the station as I must catch it. As I ran at my utmost speed obliquely across the dusty open space, I heard in front of my station-agent shouting something after me.

"Turn the signal and hold everything that comes along!" I shouted over my shoulder and ran ahead.

I made straight for the express engine. A long string of freight cars stood on a switch, and behind this the engine was disappearing. I bent my course farther toward the west, where I saw an empty flat car in the string. As I leaped upon the level floor of the car, the engine was backing. With one bound I crossed the flat car and plunged headlong into the gangway of the engine.

The loop was a long one, and the breath was knocked out of me by the fall. When I got my senses again, both the engineer and fireman had me by the collar, and were both holding me on my feet.

"Our 12"—she's gone—I forgot the signal—she and No. 6 will come together!" I gasped. I want to get—to get to the grade switch and throw—and throw '12' in there!"

The words came from my throat in little spurts, for I was choking and struggling for breath. The engineer let go of me with an angry curse-malison, jumped upon his seat and changed the throttle lever into the last notch. The great machine heaved forward so suddenly that I was thrown down on the coal in the tender, the fireman staggered back clutching at the tank-brake, and the coupling-irons were jerked clean from the end of the first coach back of the engine. With the mail-car, baggage-car and smoker, we tore out through the switches and went whirling down the valley.

Six miles west of Badger the tracks of the two roads came within thirty feet of each other. This was at a point where they passed between two hills with a narrow creek everglade along between them. The rails of our road were laid on the right of the stream.

Just beyond the hills the stream turned north, through a culvert, and reached under a bridge, and just east of this bridge was a switch from which a spur track led up the creek a third of a mile and ended in a gravel-pit. The siding on which the special would stop to let the express pass was a mile farther west.

Was it possible for us to beat the freight to this gravel-pit spur, and would I have time to cross the creek, climb the bank, and throw the switch? We had six miles to do it in, but the freight train had more than half a mile the start of us. She was heavy and running down-grade, and hurrying to reach the siding just as usual, that she

argument to induce him to submit to an honorable trial. If he is a brave man he will see the necessity of complying."

"You advise wisely. I will speak to them at once," and stepping to the railing, Allan made know the result of the conference.

"That sounds all right, Bruce, but what proof have we that Littlefield's friend speaks truly? Who is he? James Dunbar, but then who is James Dunbar? Where's his credentials?" called a brawny workman, elbowing his way to the front.

With flashing eyes and proud bearing, Dunbar looked down upon the sea of angry faces.

"You ask, 'Who is James Dunbar?'" he cried, in deep, ringing tone. "A man who has shed his blood for the cause of freedom and humanity, who has served as surgeon in the Cuban War, and faced death at the hands of fiends in the attempt to shield helpless women, tender children, and wounded, dying men from the murderous assault of Spanish assassins, who had already fired the hospital, a refuge which should have been sacred even from fiends, and this is my credential!"

He removed collar and scarf, baring his chest, where a deep, purple scar from ear to collarbone, crossed his neck.

"Fellow-men, this wound I received while in my credential of honor and manhood. Listen! Rather than that the lady, a relative of your late kind employer, should be sacrificed—ordered if in cold blood, I will supplement this with my death-wound!"

He pointed to the livid scar, his hand held haughtily erect, his whole attitude instinct with courage and determination.

Not a man of the crowd doubted that he would lead a forlorn hope, or face death undismayed, and a lingering shout went up from a hundred throats.

In a few well-chosen words Allan Bruce addressed the crowd, and his proposition was answered by cries of approval.

Dunbar bowed his acknowledgment of the appreciation of his efforts, and, followed by Allan, strode through the open window.

Crouching within the curtained alcove they found Littlefield, his face flushed, his eyes unnaturally brilliant, but owing their luster to the strong draught of brandy he had taken.

It was not the first time since that fatal night upon which Mildred Starbard disappeared that he had resorted to the powerful stimulant, and, under its potent influence, he appeared upon the balcony in full view of the now orderly crowd.

Bending for a moment over the chair where Mrs. Granger reclined, to whisper a few reassuring words, Dunbar followed Bruce and Littlefield.

"Speak to them!" commanded Allan, addressing the master of Hasselden. "It is your only chance to clear them of setting yourself right; if you are innocent, show it —defend yourself like a man!"

"My friends," began Littlefield, in a voice rendered steady by the powerful stimulant, "you come here accusing me of a crime of which I solemnly swear to you I am guiltless! I admired the lady whom I am accused of murdering, and, had she not been the betrothed wife of Allan Bruce, I would have offered her my hand in marriage. Of her disappearance I know nothing. When I left the mill, at a late hour, she was busily employed; besides, two of the young ladies at work in the lower room, who saw me when I left the factory, know that I was alone! For myself I do not believe it possible that she is dead! I have aided, all in my power, to unravel the dark mystery, offering a large reward to spur the officers to their utmost; in short, I think I would have furnished an incentive to more strenuous efforts if I were guilty of such a foul crime as the murder of a young and innocent girl, whom I admired, honored, loved? Excuse me, Bruce, but the truth is forced from my lips," he added, turning to Allan, deprecatingly.

"No! no!" called half a dozen voices.

"You have faced us like a man!"

"What we should you was a stinkin' hack we mistrusted you. I guess you're honest about the girl!"

"We'll let up for the present, but if we find out you're the man that put Milly out of the way, God help you!" called a grim-faced engineer.

"Thanks. I deserve your confidence in this matter, your pity, rather than your blame; you can imagine the keen sorrow I have felt, the agony of grief which I have striven to hide, the remorse that I had no right to love her; that she cared less than nothing for me!"

His voice broke forth in piteous accents, real, not feigned, for the agony of remorse was great within his heart, and even his rival pitied the man who stood with bowed head, his face hidden in his trembling hands, his form shaken by the sobs of a strong man in his agony, little divining the real cause of his emotion.

Allan placed a strong hand kindly upon his shoulder.

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Littlefield," he soothed, "and I am sure you capable of such strong feeling. You see, we have always believed you proud of your station and would not will leave you in peace, and so far as we have misjudged you, may God forgive us!"

"Tell them all I will be glad to take them back at the old wage," Horace replied, hoarsely. "You will see that all are informed; send out the notification to every one of the employes, and tell them that we will start the works as soon as possible."

"I will attend to it, Horace," returned Allan, as he grasped Dunbar by the hand.

"God bless you, James Dunbar, for preventing the bloodshed that might have followed their outbreak!"

Without waiting for a reply, he dashed down the steps, and silently the crowd moved away, leaving the master of the Hasselden grounds still and deserted under the solemn beauty of moonlight and starlight.

CHAPTER XI.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Blank silence followed the departure of the mob. Horace, pale as ashes, after the fearful ordeal to which he had been subjected, leaned back weakly in the luxurious easy chair, while Mrs. Granger, quite unnerved, reclined upon the sofa within the alcove, her hands nervously clasping and unclasping, an added pallor upon her always pale cheeks, a haunting fear numbered her eyes.

She had known of the disappearance of the unfortunate Milly, but with not a single thought that suspicion attached to her relative, and the shock of the revelation had been terrible.

Strive as she would, she could not banish the doubt that had crept into her mind. Was it possible that he could be guilty? His horror-stricken expression when the menacing cries fell upon his ears—was it the terror inspired by a guilty conscience?

The silence was becoming oppressive, she must speak.

"I am so glad that you have decided to retain your employes in their former wages and rejoice that the affair is so amicably adjusted; it is but justice, oh, Horace, how dared they bring such a frightful accusation? They must know that it is quite impossible that you could be guilty of such a terrible crime!"

But, notwithstanding her assertion, she trembled in every limb.

"Of course," returned Horace, striving to speak in his usual tones, but the words were husky, his lips dry and parched.

"Later I shall call some of the lunatics to account, but now I will feign the insane friendzied mob may carry their madness? Had I not conciliated them, it is to be presumed they would have put their insane threats into instant execution, and fired the house. I think it was the wisest course to face them."

Dunbar's firm lips curled involuntarily. Had it not been for his own brave bearing the master of Hasselden might have been suspended to a limb of the nearest tree, and two days after the adoption, taking the boy with her.

"She gave her name as Mrs. Jane Royce of Chicago, but I was unable to find the name in a Chicago directory.

"HARRIS DUNBAR, M. D."

"August 8, 18——. Years have passed, and I have been unable to solve the mystery; I leave this to my son, James, with the faint hope that he may be more successful.

"H. D."

The last paragraph was added by the old physician only a few months before his death.

James Dunbar folded the sheets, placed them in the envelope, and took a locket from the diamond case.

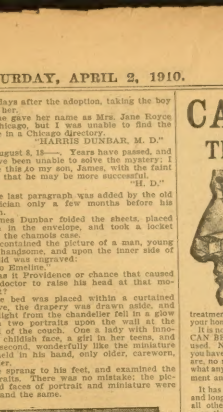
It contained the picture of a man, young and handsome, and upon the inner side of the lid was engraved:

"To Emeline."

Was it Providence or chance that caused the doctor to raise his head at that moment?

The bed was placed within a curtained alcove, the drapery was drawn aside, and the light from the chandelier fell in a glow upon two portraits upon the wall at the head of the couch. One a lady with innocent childish face, a girl in her teens, and the second, wonderfully like the miniature he held in his hand, only older, careworn, sadder.

He sprang to his feet, and examined the portraits. There was no mistake; the girlish face of the portrait and miniature were one and the same.



The trembling man caught the word "Murderer!"

The Hasselden mansion have been converted into a funeral pyre.

In the ashes a host of terrified servants had gathered, witnesses of all that had passed, but at the command of Littlefield they stank away.

James Dunbar retired early. His mind was exercised by a curious train of thought.

"Strange," he murmured. "Can it be that this Allan Bruce is connected with the mystery? Is cannot be the original of the miniature. He is not more than twenty-five, but there is a close resemblance. I must seek him and learn his antecedents. I believe that Horace Littlefield has the girl somewhere in hiding. Such things have happened, and I remember the curious statement of the clairvoyant and its effect upon Littlefield."

Unstrapping his valise, he drew out the package and examined the contents, a letter and a miniature.

For the third time within the night's hours, he perused the brief note:

"Bellevue Hospital, Sept. 18, 18——

"Doctor Dunbar, physician attending No. 56. Dear Sir—I have a sure premonition that I must die and leave my helpless babe to the mercy of strangers. It is better so. I have no relatives to whom I can trust it. You may find some clue to every one of the employes, and tell them that we will start the works as soon as possible."

"I will attend to it, Horace," returned Allan, as he grasped Dunbar by the hand.

"God bless you, James Dunbar, for preventing the bloodshed that might have followed their outbreak!"

Without waiting for a reply, he dashed down the steps, and silently the crowd moved away, leaving the master of the Hasselden grounds still and deserted under the solemn beauty of moonlight and starlight.

CHAPTER XI.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

Blank silence followed the departure of the mob. Horace, pale as ashes, after the fearful ordeal to which he had been subjected, leaned back weakly in the luxurious easy chair, while Mrs. Granger, quite unnerved, reclined upon the sofa within the alcove, her hands nervously clasping and unclasping, an added pallor upon her always pale cheeks, a haunting fear numbered her eyes.

She had known of the disappearance of

"I must give no hint of my suspicion; if I do not mistake his character, Horace Littlefield would not have the slightest disposition to pry into a secret that would dethrone the master of Hasselden; I've learned many traits that are not exactly in accordance with what I thought him. I'll make an opportunity to question Bruce of his antecedents. Who was the woman who took the child away? Was the name assumed?" and making these mental queries, Doctor Dunbar fell asleep.

Horace Littlefield poured a glass of brandy, and without undressing, sought his couch. The potent liquor mounted to his brain, and he fell into a troubled sleep, only to meet the phantom that haunted his waking hours.

In fancy he was wandering through the great, silent workrooms of the Hasselden Mill, at the solemn midnight hour, and within the dark recesses of the echoing attic story, gazing down upon the entrance to the pit beneath the foundations.

Suddenly the heavy planks of the trap door were unbarred, a big very feet, and a ghostly presence rose, with outstretched, white arms, the pallid face set in the rigidity of death, the wide-open eyes fixed in a stony stare.

Slowly the apparition floated up from the dark depths and stood before him, so near that the ghostly chill seemed to radiate from the shrouded form, piercing even to his bones; a pale, dead hand was in shadowy robes, with floating hair dabbled in blood from a ghastly wound in the temple.

With a cold shiver he awoke and started up in bed. It was only a dream, but in the heart momentarily his memory had been locked in slumber he had suffered an age of pain. When he closed his eyes the darkness filled the room, the coming light was mantling earth and sky; now the rosy fingers of dawn were lifting the curtains of night from an opaline sky, brightened by the first golden fringe of the coming day-beam.

Muttering an oath he sprang from his couch and lighted at his watch. It would be hours before breakfast would be served, and ringing his bell he ordered a cup of coffee, which was brought at once. He swallowed the coffee almost at a draught, lighted his cigar and left the house, taking his way to a secluded portion of the park.

Up and down the broad walk he paced, pondering darkly of the past and present, shuddering as he thought of the future and what it might bring.

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CHAPTER XII.
FROM A LIVING TOMB.

The days passed, and still no light was thrown upon the mysterious disappearance of Mildred Starbard.

The suspicion that the master of Haseldon had been instrumental in her disappearance died away, owing to his clever confusion, or rather to the touch of human nature which makes us all akin, the declaration that he loved that beautiful girl—his words, his manner, his very tones stamping the truth of his assertion, and if he had loved her he could not be guilty; so they reasoned. Alas, for human insight! Even the bereaved lover was thoroughly deceived.

The Haseldon Mill was in full tide of operation, the employés were in their accustomed places at the original rate of wages, and Allan sat at his desk in the office, but oh, as changed! The smiling, light-hearted, genial bookkeeper had become merged in the taciturn, automatic figure who came and went with the regularity and precision of a clock, performing his duties silently and systematically, seldom speaking, his face as stony as if a gray mask had suddenly hidden the features of the real man from view.

Mildred, his beautiful love, was lost to him forever—what was all the world besides.

Within the little world of operatives, shut in daily by those gloomy stone walls, the name of their late companion was unmentioned, the shine of her presence was half forgotten.

And where, all these long, dreary days was Mildred?

Horace Littlefield believed that the narrow cell, so securely closed, was indeed the tomb of his victim, and yet, for weeks the pit had been empty.

It was many hours before Mildred regained her senses, to find herself in a state of darkness. The muffled clang of a bell rang out, five distinct strokes, as she counted them mechanically. A faint sense of light struggled from some point high up in the rocky wall.

Her senses seemed steeped in forgetfulness, there was a dull, unconscious confused roar in her ears, the sound of falling waters, and a feeble effort of memory to recall some event, some horror which her dazed senses failed to grasp.

She raised her hand to her forehead, but a sharp pang, like a stunning blow, racked her brain, and she fell back upon the damp earth beneath her, insensible.

When sense and sight again returned she looked about her with a half-crazed stare. Through a chink in a massive stone wall a ray of sunlight streamed redly, a sullen beam of the setting sun.

The steady thud of an engine, the mighty throb of machinery, the measured strokes of piston-rods, the hum of flying wheels, all the din and roar of busy manufacture came in muffled uncertainty to her dulled brain, while the bell sounded again, and she shuddered, beat to the rhythmical pulsations.

The familiar sounds aroused her as nothing else could. She was in the mill, but in what portion, and why was she there?

In an instant it all came back to her like a lightning flash—the struggle, the clasp of that strong arm, the hateful presence of the mustached lip to her own, the shrinking, the loathing, the horror, and now, the triumphant, wicked gleam in the cruel eyes looking into her own, an instant sense of a crushing blow—and then oblivion.

She staggered to her feet; her shawl was wrapped closely about her, her hat lay beside her. Dimly she began to comprehend what had actually occurred.

"He believed me dead, and he has hidden me here," she whispered brokenly. "Should he discover that I yet live he would return and finish the work. I must escape! Oh, God, help me!"

She broke off with a gasp, as a realization of her surroundings forced upon her with sudden force.

"I must be a prisoner in the sub-cellar, the old walled-up wheel pit I have heard Uncle Joe Clark speak of—sealed up for years before I was born. I am buried alive, where the most piercing cries can never reach human ears. In this dreadful place a poor wretch was accidentally dashed in pieces, whirled in dizzy circles by the careless wheel—missing for months, and here his bleaching bones were found long after the tragedy. Since that time the place has been walled up, the pit closed. How I shuddered with a nameless dread when Uncle Joe rehearsed the story, little dreaming that it was but a premonition of my coming fate. These walls are below the surface of the river, this ray of sunset flickers only a reflection of the heavens, and that narrow crevice must be a few inches above the surface of the river, the roar of the falls must effectually prevent the most agonized shriek from being heard in the outer world!"

She was weak and faint, bodily as well as mentally, but she felt she must make an effort to discover whether or not her confinement was correct.

Upon three sides the vault was framed in by brick walls, green and mouldering, the outer wall was of granite, roughly hewed, and was about seven feet in the opening at its heighths.

"I may be able to climb up and look through that narrow loophole," she muttered, in a choking voice, "just a glimpse of the bright sunlight and the flowing river—perhaps the last sight of daylight."

Exerting all her remaining strength she slowly climbed upward, her delicate hands bruised and torn by the sharp spurs to which she clung, until at length her wan, white face was in line with the opening, a mere slit in the wall, scarcely four inches in width, and not more than six feet in length.

Almost upon a level with the aperture the waters of the river dashed brightly under the last red rays of the setting sun sparkling and dancing in curling eddies thrown back from a long line of sunken rocks, and rolling the foam to the very center of the falls, a spot where the most reckless boatman would never venture.

Her dazed mind took in the full force of the truth burst upon her with appalling clearness, as she clung with bleeding hands to the sharp projection, damp and slippery with green moss, while she caught her breath with a gasping sob.

Still she remained there, clinging with desperate energy to the narrow ledge, the stove to cry out, but a hand of iron seemed clasping her parched throat, and only a moaning sound came, then her grasp relaxed, and she plunged headlong downward, uttering a piercing shriek which was drowned in the roar of the rapids, and the next moment she was buried in the foundations of the massive building above her head with their heavy palisades.

Her head reeled, and she lay in a limp heap upon the damp earth.

Daylight faded, darkness reigned within that narrow prison, and in a vague, uncertain way she appreciated the approach of change, the rush and roar of busy wheels mingled with the beats warning believers of the whistle, droning out the welcome release for the weary toilers of the mill.

The sharp hiss of escaping steam told when the power was shut off, and then silence. The patter of the flying feet of her fellow workmen, as they hastened from the factory, she could not hear.

Minutes passed, night fell and still she hovered upon the brink of death. Hours passed suddenly glowed with a faint, flickering light, phosphorescent, and then intermittent flashes, scores of tiny lamps casting their pale, ghastly gleam around her, barely making the darkness visible.

Dimly she comprehended the cause; myriads of creatures had sought shelter within the dismal pit, gaining entrance through the narrow aperture above her head.

How long she lay in that trance of suffering, with a dull pain throbbing in her temples, she never knew, but the return of way she felt a relief in the presence of the tiny, blue-lighted insects hovering on rapid wing about her, and at length she became conscious that the hateful prison-house was tenanted by other occupants.

A steady monotonous grating noise like the rasp of a file smote her ear, broken by profound stillness, and turning her eyes in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, she beheld the steady flash of something that was not the vivid, yellow glow of the harmless insects, but the sparks emitted from glowing eyes.

A throbbing of her head was increasing to an almost intolerable beat, as if a hammer, operated by some diabolical power, were raining blows upon her forehead; mechanically, as well as from sheer torture, was fast succumbing to the dreadful tension upon heart, nerve and brain.

Hours had elapsed since she had tasted food, and gradually she began to lose the sense of her awful peril, and reasoned supinely, watching these glowing, shifting orbs in a state of apathetic fear, her senses numbed, listening to the dull, rasping where a plank supported the dark shadow. Within, three feet of the stone arch. Above in a dim,

(Continued on page seven.)

A Race With Death.

(Continued from page two.)

night not delay the mail-bound express. Another terrifying consideration was this: Should the special get to the siding before the express reached Badger, the latter would run on, expecting to meet the freight at Badger, according to orders. And so the express might strike the freight east of the gravel-pit spur.

My blood ran cold and hot alternately. I grasped with dry lips as I burst in the gangway between the engine and tender, insanely trying to push the roaring machine to swifter speed.

In ten minutes the blood of a hundred men, women, and children might be on my head. The vivid picture of my mind, added to the hope that I might avert the calamity, was the wish that if I failed to do so, I should reach the fatal ground in time to throw myself between the colliding engines and perish in the wreck.

As, clinging to the hand-rails, I hung out of the gangway, the engineer's face was not three feet from me. It shone stern and pale under streaks of oily smut. He was glaring intently down the tracks. The fireman never spoke, but swayed back and forth between the coal pile and fire-hole like a pendulum.

We went round curves and over the straight stretches of track like mad.

"Jump, Jim!" I shrieked, as the freight burst out of a piece of woods ahead of us. The noise was so great that I could hardly hear my own cry.

The engineer caught the whistle lever and blew a long blast. The engine reeled from side to side, a strange hum of steam and flying rod-pins filled the air with clamor, and we thundered on through woods and fields in pursuit. The head brakeman, risking his life, came tottering over the top of the tender, shouting something. No one heeded him. Then a cloud of dust and smoke swept back from the cars behind us. Trees, fences, telegraph poles, all objects rushed to the rear as if impelled by a sudden, tremendous force.

In three or four minutes, although the time seemed very long to me, we were opposite the freight. Her engine, which was running at high speed, curving and straightening, approaching and disappearing, as she went roaring down the long grade. At first there were only a few hundred yards of her and again a quarter of a mile apart. Now and then members of the crew shook their fists at us. One head brakeman stood on the running-board of the front box car and threatened me. The fireman came to the gangway and brandished his shovel. All were terrified.

Thus they raced with us. To me it was hideous, awful. If I could only leap across the intervening space and warn them of our racing to meet death! Involuntarily I got as near to the edge of the gangway as I could.

"Get back! back! back!" I shouted. You'll be thrown off!" shouted the engineer.

I drew myself up. He sounded the whistle, and, responding frantically, so the freight crew, but they took it as fun and grinned.

Gradually we drew by them. At the end of four miles they were scarcely a quarter of a mile behind us. We were going down the steepest part of the grade, and running at terrific speed.

Again I got down on the step, clinging to the hand-rails. Drivers were flying, spinning beside me like glimmering webs, the ground flowed under me like a streaming shoal. The sway and lunge of the great engine was terrifying. I glanced up at the engineer. He was standing fiercely erect, on a piece of tobacco; his gray eyes looked black.

"When we're 'bout there I'll pigg her!" he shouted, "and you'll have to uncouple over by the switch! Hang on for your life when I throw her over!"

I nodded, one whirling round a curve and entered the neck of the valley. I slipped back into the gangway, and stood there clutching the openwork of the stirrup-like step. We made our hands bleeding fierce on a piece of tobacco; his gray eyes looked black.

"When we're 'bout there I'll pigg her!" he shouted, "and you'll have to uncouple over by the switch! Hang on for your life when I throw her over!"

I nodded, one whirling round a curve and entered the neck of the valley. I slipped back into the gangway, and stood there clutching the openwork of the stirrup-like step. We made our hands bleeding fierce and, gripping the hand-rod. From this position I was ready to throw myself outward at any moment. Every sense seemed numb, me seemed drawn and rigid, as if ready to snap.

A big, dirty hand slipped down the rod and patted mine. I saw the engineer's stern face above me. In the thunder of machinery I heard his voice: 'Look out! Hold on! Now!' Then a heavy jar and jerk, and drivers reversed and the crashing together of drawheads. I was thrown into the air, the waters of the creek below me, and I let go my hold.

I went outward and down like a bullet. In what position I struck the shallow water I do not know. I saw the engineer's arms whirling over and over over, and landing against the opposite bank with a sudden rush of agony through all my frame. My head seemed doubled under me and struck fast, but I got loose in a moment, and, dashing the water and mud from my eyes, scrambled up the bank, and gained the track.

I could see but dimly, and my mouth and throat were clogged with water and wet earth. Choking for breath, I stumbled across the track, feeling for the switch, but I could not find it. In a moment I got a glimpse of its target some two hundred feet farther west, and made for it. I could hear the freight roaring behind me, and as I ran I heard an engine whistle ring out in the woods that spread toward the west.

"That's engine 97," I thought. "They will come together right here!"

It seemed as if I would never get to the switch, and yet I was straining every sinew to breaking. As I neared the spur I began taking the rest from my pocket. I drew out with a jerk and dropped before me. With a great throb of fear I fell upon it. Getting it into my hand again, I scrambled to the switch and caught the lock, but the swaying front of the freight engine seemed not fifty feet distant when I pulled the pin and threw myself against the lever.

As I felt the rails come over I heard the wild screams of a whistle for brakes, and as I thrust in the iron pin again, the thundering monster was upon me. Somehow, I seemed blown from my feet by the rush of air and steam, there was an indescribable shriek of rending and glimmering machinery, and the long train of cars went swaying and grinding up the track around the spur.

At the same moment the express came down the grade, and passed me in a flash. Instantly there was a mad bellowing of her whistle, the tearing of reversed drivers, the shock of coaches thrown against one another.

That was the supreme moment. If the freight should break the train apart and would throw the switch back all would be saved. If not then there was death for me and many others.

I clung to the lever with but one thought, the determination to throw the switch back or die under the box cars when the express should strike them.

The suspense was but for a few seconds. The caboose of the freight train whirled by. I jammed the lever back with all my strength and thrust in the pin; a gush of steam burst in my face; wheels and shadowy things whirled before me, and I fell down the bank, into darkness.

When consciousness was again mine, I was lying carried along the track toward the rear coach of No. 6. A number of people walked along beside me.

"He's coming to," said a voice. "Stand him on his feet!"

I tried to, wavering weakly. A great smear of mud soiled the conductor's white shirt-bosom and vest, and he held it. My hands and face were muddy. My lips began to quiver.

"I—I didn't break down and blubber, not after doing a thing like that!" he said, but tears were running down his cheeks.

I looked round at the people and at the train, but could not speak.

"Four is all right," said the engineer, striking me a blow on the shoulder that nearly knocked me down. "And No. 6 will be as soon as she gets her nose out of the gravel-bank! Brace up, my boy!"

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, rallying me backward across his wet eyes as he led me toward the train.

That evening I received a telegram signed by the superintendent. It read: "You are suspended from service. Come at once to Chicago." I was astonished, but not surprised, not severe. After a short suspension I was again appointed before the superintendent. "Taking everything into consideration," he began, "and before I was quite ready for what was coming, he added: "Report for work as soon as she gets her nose out of the gravel-bank! Brace up, my boy!"

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, rallying me backward across his wet eyes as he led me toward the train.

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Mrs. Benham—You do take such long breaths.

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Or, THE MYSTERY OF A NIGHT

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER XIII.

A BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN.

WHEN I again opened my eyes to the world after the sudden darkness which overwhelmed me in Golden Alley, I found myself lying on a couch in a room totally unknown to me. An uncertain light pervaded the place, and for some minutes I could not make out my surroundings. By degrees, however, I began to distinguish objects and realize that I was not in my old lodgings in Misery Row.

I suddenly perceived that I was not alone in the strange place.

Standing by a window, which was partially curtained, was a female figure which held my gaze. It was that of a stylish woman, with her face turned from me as if, unaware of my presence, she was looking down into the street.

I studied the figure in silence.

More than once words came to my lips, but I held them back, for I knew not whom I would address. She did not move, but remained as motionless as a statue, with one hand resting tightly on the curtain, and her head outlined against the pane.

At last I detected a movement on the part of the unknown, and she turned toward my couch. In another moment she was looking down into my face.

"You are awake?" she said in low but solicitous tones. "I am glad of that."

I looked for the face which was quite white and fair, but did not speak. It was a pleasing face, and lovely her features.

"Where am I?" I asked at last, and almost started at the sound of my own voice.

"You are not where you were when the stroke came."

Then all the door of memory had been suddenly thrown open. I realized everything. I recalled the quiet of the woman who had gone down into Golden Alley in the night, my plunge into the shadow of that disreputable place, the man who came up to me, the words about the web and the fly in the face which had stretched me unconscious on the stones.

But the woman in my bedside? Who was she?

"How long have I been here?" I ventured, still regarding her.

"Three days. We did not think it safe to remove you. It was a cruel blow."

"The blow in the alley? Yes. It was the stroke of a human fiend."

She nodded and gave out a little smile.

"May I ask why you were left on the spider's web?"

To my words she made no answer for a full minute and then she half averted her face.

"It were best for you to remain quiet awhile yet," said she. "The doctor says you have been in the shadow, for the blow was most cruelly dealt."

My head fell back on the pillow and the woman left the room and presently, with a glance at me, stole from the apartment and the door softly after her. I looked across the room with another mystery unsolved, and waited, but she did not return.

It was torture to remain in that place since I was myself once more and I resolved to change my quarters at the first opportunity. Perhaps, after all, I was a prisoner, but whose?

By and by the door opened again and the woman stipped back into the room. She threw a swift glance toward my couch and then slid the door to its place. She evidently thought me asleep, for she did not approach, but drew off and watched the door with the mien of a determined creature.

Something had happened. This was apparent from the woman's actions.

"What is the matter?" I asked, and she started violently.

"I thought you were asleep," said she, tiptoeing to where I lay. "I have bolted the door."

I noticed that."

"I shall not let them in."

"Then you did see who it is?" I exclaimed. "Are my enemies out there?"

"Yours and mine," she replied. "They have come back. I told them to remain away."

I was dressed and it was but the work of a moment to slip from bed and plant myself on the floor. She noticed my action and shook her head.

"You are not yet strong yet," said she.

"I am strong enough to meet my foes!" I answered. "Have I been robbed of my weapons?"

She stepped to one corner of the room and opened the drawer of a little bureau.

"It is here," she resumed, taking out a revolver, which I at once recognized as my own. "I saved it for you."

I put out my hand for the weapon, but with a look which I shall never forget she drew back.

"Wait!" she said. "They may not try to enter. You might do something rash and that would not do for either of us."

Holding my revolver in her grip, she turned once more to the door and seemed to bite her bloodless lips.

All at once the knob was turned, but the portal did not yield.

"They have come," said I, watching her. "I think so," and with this she went over to the door and bent toward the wood.

"What is it?" I heard her ask.

"Are you there, Chrystal?" came through the portal from without.

"I am here."

"Then open the door. I am here."

I threw her a questioning glance which she saw, but there was no explanation.

"I cannot open," she said, replying to the voice outside.

"What means this? You are still one of us. You—"

"I have answered you," was the interruption. "I shall not open the door to you."

I thought I heard a noise not unlike the growl of a wolf, and the door was struck heavily as with something more solid than a knuckle.

At this the face of the woman flushed and then suddenly became pale again. I saw her fingers close with emphasis around the butt of the revolver and she shot a quick glance at me over her shoulder.

In a moment I was at her side, but she would not relinquish her hold on the weapon.

"You will change your mind," said the voice through the door.

"Never!"

"Is he asleep yet?"

I gave a slight rattle at this, but did not reply to the question.

"Never mind. We'll see you later," and I heard receding footsteps beyond the portal.

My beautiful ally did not move till the last sound had died away, and then she handed the revolver to me, saying that pressed danger had passed. I could not but look at her as she stood in the middle of the room with the soft light that filtered in at the window upon her face. It was a strange face to me, but there was something about it that drew and then called forth to me the threshold of knowledge only to leave me tantalizingly in the dark.

At last she drew a long breath of relief and leaned against a chair. Clearly that was the moment she had come and that she was about to swoon, I sprung forward, but she waved me back.

"I thought they would come," she said. "They will come again, but you will not be here."

"And you?"

"Oh, I can match them," she exclaimed with determination. "I can match them, I say, and I will. I have been with them. I am too precious for that."

She laughed in the manner which heightened her beauty and gave me an insight into her real nature.

"Remember you have not told me who you are!" I said. The man outside called you Chrystal. Is that your name? It is a very pretty one."

"Do you think so?" with an arch look.

I repeated my last words.

"You may call me Chrystal, if you like," said she.

"Then that is your name!"

"Yes."

"You are brave to defy my enemies," I resumed. "I owe you my life. I am from your own."

"I regard them as such," she said quickly. "But you must not remain in this place."

"It is not Golden Alley!"

"Not quite. It is another place, but you are in danger. They failed to get you."

"Why should they want me?"

"I cannot tell you. I never saw you till now. I am a stranger to you and you to me. We may never meet again—I mean after you have quitted this place."

As she finished she crossed the room and sought the window which looked out upon the street. Peering over the sculptor over her shoulder, caught a glimpse of buildings which were better than those which stood in Golden Alley.

"When night comes you must go," she said, "for it is deadly peril here. For some reason you seek to know too much."

"I? I go? I will not go until the men tigers alone."

"Oh, I can do that, never fear," and with this she stepped back from the window and I saw her open the door which she had lately locked and guarded.

CHAPTER XIV.

BITS OF PAPER.

The coming of Chrystal found me still an occupant of the mysterious room.

My strange but lovely friend and ally had gone and I was alone on her return. When she came back, opening the door softly for fear of disturbing me, I mumbled—I had not closed an eye since her departure—she came at once to my side.

"The coast is clear," said she. "You are safe to leave this place."

I did not move.

"What!" she cried. "Are you going to further imperil your life by defying fate?"

"I am going to remain and assist you against the enemy."

"No! I can take care of myself. You must go. The hall is clear of the foe and night has come."

Ten minutes later, hardly knowing what I had done, I stood once more amid the glaring lights of the city with the strange house behind me.

Once or twice I upbraided myself for quitting the place and leaving the young woman to fight the battle alone, but I did not return to the web.

During the course of my own room in Misery Row, I came face to face with my landlady. She had not seen me since the night and the moment she saw me she uttered a cry.

"We all thought you had been murdered! I have thought of a thousand things. I have been to the police with the news. Your friend has been looking for you."

"My friend?"

"The one who calls himself Mr. Glidden."

"Did he leave any word?"

"Yes, this."

She took a sealed note, which I saw at once was couched in the detective's well-known handwriting. I tore it open by a sudden impulse.

"Come to me at once," I read. "I think I have the clews in my hands."

As I turned toward the door Mrs. Gore clutched my sleeve and looked into my face.

"Billy came back, but she did not stay," she exclaimed. "She's gone away for good, poor child."

"Why 'poor child,' Mrs. Gore?" I asked.

"She's all broke up. She says she wronged you and can't do more look you in the face. It was her old failing, just as I suspected. She listened at your door and heard things."

"Well, she didn't hear any great secrets," I answered, carelessly. "Milly is forgiven in advance. But where is the girl?"

"She has taken service with Mrs. Thornton."

"Ah!"

"Do you know Mrs. Thornton?" cried Mrs. Gore. "Milly calls her a nice lady and I reckon thinks she will have a fine home, and, as there are no men about the house, she will not be led into temptation."

So Milly was with Sara Thornton. I did not reply to the landlady's observation, but left the house as soon as I could get shut of her.

Glidden was smoking in his room and apparently waiting for some one when I opened his door.

"Where on earth—" he began and stopped suddenly. "Ever mind, Tavorny, you're back and that's enough."

"What have you discovered?" and I took the vacant chair and waited for the detective to proceed.

"You haven't found your bride yet?" he queried.

"I am still a wifeless husband." I answered with a forced laugh. "The mystery is as dark as ever."

"I could have guessed that from your countenance. I've picked up one little thread since I saw you."

"A thread that will lead to her?"

"I hope so."

"Tell me."

"You remember the girl who was found dead in Odeon Park? Well, as I have told you, she was killed in No. 99 Holden Square."

"By whom?"

"I will answer that question later on."

"Then you are not ready to lay your hand on the murderer?"

"No. It is the victim I want to talk about. She was killed because she resembled some one."

"So? You are making some headway, Glidden. You tell me that the girl was killed because she resembled some one and that I have taken the same to death by the man who inveigled me into this mysterious marriage."

"You are right, Tavorny. The dead girl was the counterfeit presentment of your wife."

I gave a sudden start.

"How long has Glidden could keep his own secrets and that they could not be inveigled from him if he was unwilling, I did not reveal, but resolved to let him have his way.

"That is the clew I have found," he went on after a brief pause. "It is not much, perhaps. I have here something which I want you to look at."

He reached up on a shelf and took down a plaster cast of a human hand. It was perfect in every detail, a work from it, believing it to be a dead hand of flesh and blood, but I instantly recognized it as the cast at it as it rested on the table.

"In that little room you held when the rector made you a benedict in Holden square?" I said.

"I might be the hand itself but for the fact that it is a cast," said I.

"Yes, I know that. That is the cast of the hand that was found lifeless in Odeon Park."

"And you think—"

I paused and felt my heart rise fearsomely into my throat.

"When you find your wife you will discover that her hand is the exact counterpart of that one," replied Glidden. "It's a curious trait. I have found one just like it."

"What has become of the man who inhabited this apartment?"

"Wait. One thing at a time, old boy. We turn one leaf at a time. Now for the second one."

Glidden thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth some bits of writing paper, which he began to arrange on the cloth. I saw that it was the writing on the torn bits was the same which I had read on the fragment which I had taken from the desk of the man in Golden Alley.

"Where did you get those?" I exclaimed.

"At Number 99," he replied.

"I have this to match them," and I brought forth the bits in the same house. "And that finishes the writing!" cried Glidden. "I was wondering if you could not supply the deficiency."

I watched in silence while he pieced out the letter and when he had done so he looked at me triumphantly.

"My wife's letter!" I exclaimed, bending over the table with a glance at the detective.

"Yes."

"You are sure of this, Glidden?"

"I am sure of nothing in my whole career," said he. "I have before me a letter from your wife."

"Written to whom?"

"Not to you, Tavorny, not to you. She penned this letter to the agony of a woman's soul. Then she tore it up and thought she had effectually destroyed it. It was first thrown into the grate and partially burned, as you see. Some one gathered up the pieces of the letter and failed to put them out of existence."

"You say you ask Sara Thornton about them?" I cried.

"Always the drive Sara!" laughed Glidden. "Yes, I shall. Why not consult Madam Wray?"

"Madam Wray?" I exclaimed. "What has Madam to do with my missing wife?"

Glidden raked together the pieces of paper without enlightening me. I was amazed at his coolness, but it was his nature.

Thereupon I related my adventures, the strange episode of the hotel, the woman in room 46, my trail to Golden Alley, my three days of singular existence somewhere with the beautiful nurse, my escape from the unknown house after dark, to all of

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ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Better a blow than some kisses.

"If" is blamed for most of our failures.

All men are more or less homely—usually more.

When a doctor gets sick he knocks his own game.

It is easy to offend people who have no use for you.

And if a worm does turn, what does it benefit him?

He's a poor lawyer who mistakes the will for the deed.

The family tree of a bunko man must be a slippery elm.

A dog's bark isn't as bad as his bite, but it hasts longer.

Many people want assistance—and a few really need it.

A mash on a pretty girl's waist beats two in a window.

One-legged men are not necessarily good stump speakers.

What is one man's hobby may be another man's nightmare.

Many a candidate has spoiled his chances by being too candid.

It takes a child to make a wise man feel like an ignorant fool.

Don't be too anxious to grasp an opportunity that is sizzling hot.

When love grows cold even a sealskin sacque will not keep it warm.

A headache the morning after is responsible for many a good resolution.

Don't tarry for a job as letter carrier unless you are willing to follow directions.

And the more a woman knows about men the less she has to say on the subject.

A sensible man doesn't care if he isn't good looking; he knows that there are others.

The lightweight girl gets to roost on a young man's knee oftener than her obese sister.

Our idea of a born diplomat is a man who can make a homely woman believe that her mirror lies.

After a man has spent seventy or eighty years here on earth he is usually willing to take chances elsewhere.

And occasionally a man thinks he is being neglected when his enemies attend strictly to their own business.

It's doughnuts to fudge that the kid at the pedal extremity of the class can lick the high-browed youth at the head.

Some suffragettes advocate whipping posts for abusive husbands, but they are mum as to a suitable penalty for nagging wives.

Ten long years ago an Ohio girl married a rich old man with one foot in the grave—so she thought—but he is still buying his shoes by the pair.

Occasionally we meet people who spend half their time telling what they are going to do and the other half explaining why they didn't do it.

which the detective listened without an interruption.

At the close of my narrative Glidden did not refer to it, but picked up his hat and lit a cigar.

"I'll find you at home should I call within the next forty-eight hours?" he said.

Yes. But the Victoria' has sailed ere this. Jenks told me, you recollect, that Tracy Demayne, his new employer, was to sail on that steamship."

"The 'Victoria' has been unavoidably detained," he replied. "She is still at the docks.

"Well?"

"She is scheduled to sail tomorrow. I'll report within the next forty-eight hours."

I went out with the detective. On the sidewalk he stopped abruptly and looked me in the eyes.

"It's a dangerous guest, after all," said he. "It's the old plot. I mean I have encountered one like it before. If I am not at

"My wife!" said I.

your rooms within the time I have mentioned, you will have to fight out the game alone, Taverny."

I watched his figure till it disappeared and then turned about. Little did I think that Homer Glidden was leaving me forever.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS.

From the spot where I separated from Glidden I walked toward my lodgings like a man in a trance.

I recalled one of his remarks which had made a deep impression on my mind. What had Madam Wray to do with the mysterious events of the night of the third? Almost unconsciously I found myself moving toward the mansion where I had lately attended the function where I encountered Sara Thornton.

What strange fate was hastening my steps toward this house I did not know. Suddenly it became aware that I was in the vicinity of the mansion and then the house itself loomed up before me. Mechanically I mounted the lion-guarded steps and rang the bell. The door was instantly opened by a trim-looking housemaid.

"Madam—" I began when the girl broke in upon my sentence.

"Madam is not at home," she said with irritating curtness.

That my look was a question I did not doubt, and the maid bestowed a glance at the card I held in my hand.

"Madam Wray sailed yesterday for Europe," she said.

I was baffled once more!

Without another word I turned away and hastened back. Gone! What would Glidden say?

The coming on of another night found me haunting the one place which had a strange charm for me. This was Golden Alley. Chrystal had assured me that it was dangerous ground, but, like the moth that flutters about the flame till destroyed, I had returned.

The few lights about me enabled me to recognize the house before which I had received the blow which had brought me in contact with the beautiful nurse. The place was still enough now and dark; no one opened the door as before to vanish, and for some moments I stood in the alley gazing at the house and its gloomy exterior.

An overpowering desire to learn what mysteries lay beyond, took possession of me. I went to the steps and then drew back. Desire and discretion were struggling for the mastery within me.

At last I put out my hand and rapped on the door. There was no response. Failing back a step I more regarded the place with curiosity, and, suddenly noticing that the structure touched the side of an alleyway, I turned toward it.

In another moment I was among the shadows of the narrower street and at the end of the house which from no point gave out the slightest signs of tenancy.

A low and not very strong fence ran along the alley back of the house and offered ingress into a small lot. I scaled the obstruction and landed in the rear of the house. To move forward, not without caution, was my next action, and in a little while I found myself at a low door.

That it led into the back of the house I well knew.

As my knock at the front portal had elicited no response, I did not repeat the summons on the second door, but seized the latch which promptly offered itself and opened the portal itself.

The silence of the tomb greeted me as I faced stygian darkness.

Not daring to strike a match to reveal my actual surroundings, I groped my way around the unseen wall to another door which I felt led into the house proper.

The ghastly silence had been broken only by the noise made by my feet.

If the old place was tenanted I was surely in a trap of my own setting, but thoughts of what had passed within the last few days goaded me on and I verily believe would have pushed me forward to what I knew to be certain destruction.

The second door yielded as readily as the first had done and I was again in the same intolerable darkness.

All at once I heard a noise which brought me to a halt in the new chamber which I went up the stair. Once more I was alone in the house of secrets.

For a moment I thought of withdrawing and quitting Golden Alley as if it were too dangerous, but the insatiate curiosity which had taken possession of me urged me to stay.

To see what was overhead was now the desire that filled my adventurous soul.

I reached the foot of the stair and found the latch of a door.

I glided upward through the darkness and gained the head of the flight.

If the person who had come down to investigate was near I heard him not. If I advanced to the edge of doom I was unaware of the fatal trigger of the trap.

It was quite unbearable to remain in that terrible uncertainty with darkness on all sides and my heart in my throat.

I moved forward once more when I was suddenly brought to a halt by a groan. The sound seemed to pierce me like a knife.

"Who has come?" asked a voice hard upon the noise which had startled me.

Once more I did not answer.

This time the voice seemed familiar. Where had I heard it? Surely not in the house in Golden Alley, nor where I had encountered Kuriyeta.

"Is that you, Tracy?"

This time a genuine thrill shot through every fiber of my being.

"If you are come you are nearly too late," continued the voice. "I thought I heard you in the house and have just looked."

Why should I not make myself known? The specter was as terrible to me as to the unseen person in that room.

I sat last moved forward again. I felt that I was near the speaker, for I had tried to gauge the distance which separated us by mental calculation.

I drew a noiseless match from my pocket and suddenly scraped it on the wall at my left. Immediately the head of the lucifer shot into flame and I moved it forward.

"Oh, you have come!" cried the same thrilling voice. "I have thought you would not leave me here, Tracy."

As the leaping flame dissipated the gloom, my eyes became accustomed to the place, and I leaned eagerly forward with bulging orbs as I searched the room for the tenant.

"You?" suddenly cried the person. "You? Oh, I thought it was Tracy!"

I did not speak, though a cry welled from my throat. Never before had I been so thrilled.

I was gazing at a woman who lay on a cot near the opposite wall. Her face was white and startlingly ghost-like, her eyes were centered upon me with an indescribable stare and one of her hands was clutched in a gray sheet which half-shrouded her figure.

It was not the figure that startled me. It was the woman herself, the last person of all created beings whom I expected to meet in the old house in Golden Alley.

I had seen her last the admired of admiring thousands, her bosom blazing with diamonds and her hands covered with the priceless work of the jeweler's art.

I could not utter a single cry. There she lay on the poor cot in Golden Alley, the late mistress of the brown stone front on the fashionable avenue—Madam Wray!

Wondering if she recognized me, I leaned forward with the light of the match full on my face. Her stare never left. She raised herself on her elbow and gave me a look which seemed to sink into my soul like a brave's blade.

"You!" she almost hissed. "Why have you come and not he?"

"I have come because you are here," I answered. "You are not the Madam Wray now, Madam. You know me—Miles Tavernay."

A little laugh of seeming derision parted the lips of this woman.

"Yes," she said in lower tones. "Miles Tavernay! What is it you want?"

"My wife!" said I and silence fell between us.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

"You want—you—me?"

These words, slowly repeated by Madam Wray, fell like drops of boiling water upon my ear.

"My wife—the woman I married at No. 99 Holden square."

"And why have you come to me for her, Tavernay?"

"Because you know where she is; you can solve the mystery."

It was a bold move on my part, but I knew of no better one. She remained silent for a minute and then a strange light flashed up in her eyes.

"I do not know," she said with deliberation, "but I will find out. Come to me tomorrow night at this hour and I will tell you all I know."

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tion. "I cannot enlighten you. Who suggested that you seek me out?"

"Glidden," said I.

The detective's name brought a cry from the woman's throat.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Nearer than you think, madam."

"In this house?"

"No."

"In the city?"

"Glidden is in the city."

She seemed to think rapidly before she spoke again.

"I have spoken truly," she said. "I do not know the trail that leads to your wife."

"But you have just mentioned the name of the man who does. You call him Tracy."

"Look at me, Taverny," she went on. "You have lost your wife, eh?"

"From the moment she became my bride."

"Yes. You are seeking her?"

"As a man never before sought his young bride."

Her hand came out from under the sheet and rested on the graystone fabric.

"I've half a mind to tell you something, Taverny," she said in a voice which held me desperately to my purpose of not quitting this woman till I had wrested her secret from her. "If might be the death of me, but why not? Look at me, Taverny. I am getting old. I have had my day and when one has played with fire and burned herself it is time to step aside. I will tell you."

I did not speak when she paused, but waited for her to continue.

"No," she said, after a moment's silence, "I will not. You must find your wife without me."

In another moment I had sprung forward and was standing over the woman, with the revolver still conspicuously in my hand. I saw her gaze rest upon it.

"I'm past fearing such things," she said with a little smile. "I used to fear them, but now, no, not now, Taverny."

"You must—you shall tell me where she is!" I exclaimed. "I am not going away till I have learned."

Then you'll die here, Taverny."

"You must have known enough to have invited me to your secret room that she was to come to your house that night."

"I never invited you, Taverny."

"But the invitation came—the one with the green ink."

"It must have been the other woman's work."

"The other woman's?"

"Yes, Sara Thornton's."

I almost uttered a cry at this.

"Now, Taverny, go and leave me alone. I know not where your bride is."

"Does Tracy know?"

Madame Iga closed hard behind her hands and she looked silently into my face.

"Why are you here?" I pursued. "This is not your mansion."

"No. It is my tomb."

"What did I say to these words?" I gazed down upon the woman at my feet and drew back.

"Madam," said I, "I have not followed you hither. I sought out this house with no thought of finding you here. I was assaulted in Golden Alley and came back to life elsewhere. Hoping to pick up the thread of the lost trail, I entered this place. I shall go."

"Go, Taverny."

My second match had gone out long before and I now fell back. I heard the voice of Madam Wray in the darkness.

"We are all moths, Taverny. We flutter in the flame till it destroys us. You are even now singeing your wings. What is your lost bride like?"

"I cannot say. I have never seen her."

A laugh came to my ears through the gloom. It died away in singular tones and I crossed the room to the door of the staircase.

"Good-by, madam," I said.

"Farewell, Taverny."

In another moment my feet were making noises on the stair and I passed to the chamber below.

The mystery had taken a new turn, and my strange bride was as far from me as ever.

Out into the back garden I went, and over the fence into the dismal alley. I thought once that I might have lurked in the vicinity for the capturing of the man, for what Madam Wray had inquired, but he might remain away indefinitely, and I was plunged back into the better part of the city far from the purlieus of Golden Alley, so glaringly unlawful.

Once more where the lights were many and all forms gave me a wide berth I drew myself again.

All at once my arm was pressed by a hand, which caused me to start, and I looked down into the face of the man, my companion of the adventure in the house where I had come out of my unconsciousness.

The recognition was mutual.

"Chrystal!" I exclaimed, for the first time I noticed the resemblance to another face which I had seen under totally different circumstances.

"Mr. Taverny," was the rejoinder. "It is strange that we should meet. Are you going home?"

"Yes, you know where I live, Chrystal!"

"I have found your abode," she answered with a smile. "You will pardon me, but I have just come from there."

"From Misery Row?" and I flushed to think that the fashionable quarter had discovered that I lived in no better quarter of the city.

"I could not help it," she went on quickly. "I intended to warn you. You will find a sealed note with your door key, sir, from a lady."

"How good of you, Chrystal," I exclaimed. "You have seen nothing of the enemy who tried to enter the room in which I first found you?"

"Not that one, but his master," she answered, dropping her voice to a low tone. "You will find the note in your room. Be careful, Mr. Taverny."

"And why, pray, girl, am I in danger?"

"They say you talk too much. You have asked too many questions and he says that was not in the bargain."

"Who says this, Chrystal?"

Before she could reply she uttered a little cry and started back.

"It is in your room, but you have been warned by word of mouth as well," she exclaimed. "Heed the warning, Mr. Taverny."

I would have detained her, but even had I been alert I could not have succeeded, for with another gasp and a look to the right, she was gone and I lost her in a group of pedestrians, who must have wondered if I were not on the verge of insanity by the look which I sent out on the beautiful creatures.

Even as I looked, the last vestige of her form passed out of sight and I was alone in a maze of strangers. Then I knew that she had she warned me when I had but encountered her once?

"This is the end the lady left," said Mrs. Gore as I faced her in the hallway of the house on Misery Row.

I hastened to my apartment and tore open the sealed note which was thrust into my hands.

My eyes must have bulged to their full extent as they fell upon the tracery upon the paper.

It was the same which I had read on the fragment of paper that I had found in the old desk in 39 Holden Court. Glidden had found the rest of the letter and had declared in my startled presence that the lines had been traced by a child.

Thrusting the letter into my pocket, I thought of Glidden and his last words—the words that he was not liable to re-encounter me for some hours.

It was late when I turned into the quiet little street where the detective lived.

The hallway door was closed, which was not strange, for the night was a sultry one and doors in that part of the city were seldom locked.

"Glidden shall see the note Chrystal left," thought I. "He has the bits of the letter from Holden square, and—"

I was halfway up the stair and paused abruptly. After all, the detective might laugh at my credulity and confront me again with Sara Thornton, who was his hobby.

Beating down my own arch-

to the top of the stairs and open-den's door. A bright light pervaded the room: Glidden occupied a chair at the little table, which was stood in the middle of the room. He was looking—staring—straight at me.

"I'm back, Homer!" I exclaimed. "I have another mystery for you. I—"

I broke my own sentence with a shudder. In another moment I stood at the table itself and knew all. Glidden was dead, and the dark spot on his immaculate shirt front told me the story of his taking off.

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Very Remarkable.

Miss de Pink—Did you hear about Miss Bullion's engagement to a foreign nobleman?

Mr. Goodfello—Yes, everybody is talking of it.

Miss de Pink—Isn't it remarkable?

Mr. Goodfello—Yes, indeed. They say she is marrying him for love.

Easy money may land a man on Easy street, but he seldom remains there long.

The Master of the Mills.

(Continued from page four.)

dreamy kind of way she realized that the fiery sparks were extinguished from the eyes of a swarm of rodents, busily engaged in gnawing at the half-decayed wood.

It was a merciful oblivion that began to steal over her. She made no effort to cry out, or to rise, although she shivered unconsciously in the damp chill which penetrated even through the folds of the thick shawl wrapped about her shoulders.

Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there was a terrific crash, a grating, jarring, grinding sound, and the plank sank downward and inward, carrying with it a mass of crumbling wall, filling the cell with a flying, suffocating cloud of dust.

Roused by the choking sensation, Mildred rose to her feet with a strength born of the exigency. In an instant she comprehended the situation. The plank, against which a section of the decaying wall of brick had rested, was gnawed asunder by the army of rats, the barrier between herself and the outer world had been rent almost by a miracle, leaving a gaping gap, through which a dull, hazy light was admitted to the cell.

Mechanically she stepped upon the fallen mass, climbing and stumbling upon the unstable footing, and crept through the opening into the basement beneath the mill.

The pit in which she had been confined was sunken fully ten feet below the floor-roof of the basement, being a sort of subcellar, and as she entered the basement the rays from an electric street light sifting through the dirty panes fell upon the prostrate form of a night-watcher, seeing indistinctly, as in a dream, the face of the man who was standing with paralyzed limbs, close at hand, his horrified gaze fixed upon her face as she glided past him into the great road.

Reason had deserted her throne, and only a sense of escape was gain remained as she staggered out upon the street, and once—whither?

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It tends to very strange and thrilling situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger it would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

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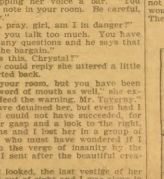

Bed-Rock Bill—Did you salt the mine as I told you to?

Alkali Ike—I started to salt the mine but the sheriff came along with his shotgun and peppered me.

Sensible Advice to Girls.

Don't wear patched boots and a ten-dollar hat.

Don't dress merely to outdo your neighbors.

Don't go into debt for dress.

Don't wear stylish dresses with shabby or untidy underclothing.

Don't wear a hat or button missing from glove or shoe.

Don't wear high heels if you wish to walk gracefully.

Don't use a pin where a hook and eye or a stitch will answer.

Don't buy cheap finery; it is extravagant in the long run.

Don't forget that shabby gloves and shoes mar the handsomest costume.

Don't dress in such an extreme fashion as to be "the observed of all observers."

Don't render yourself personally uncomfortable for the sake of outward effect.

Don't affect expensiveness in dress. No woman—or man, either—can afford to neglect appearances.

Don't buy cheap trimming for good materials, or the effect of your new dress will be marred.

Not Within His Rights.

"Can I have two good seats, well down, not behind a post, and on the aisle?" asked the quiet gentleman at the box office window.

"Three dollars apiece," replies the ticket seller, with a sarcastic inflection that call for seats in the last row, behind a post, and in the middle of the row at that.

"But these aren't what I want," objects the man.

"Can't help that. Got to take 'em or nothin'," responds the ticket seller, obviously irritated.

"Look here, young man; that's no way to talk to people who come here to buy seats."

"Huh! You talk as if you owned the theater."

"I do. I happen to be the new owner."

"Then git away, and let people who want to buy seats have a chance. You know very well you can get in for nothing."

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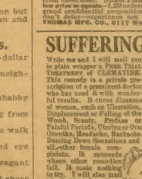

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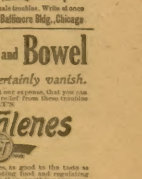

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The Slim Woman Is Winning.

The day of the slim woman's triumph has arrived. "The slimner one is the more stylish," say the dressmakers.

This would have been sad news for the fat woman a year ago. She would have had to try dieting or exercise. Nowadays, however, the woman who is too fat for the styles goes to a druggist and gets a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets, one of which she takes after each meat and at bedtime and so reduces her superfluous flesh quickly.

These tablets, being made in accordance with the famous prescription, are perfectly harmless, and they are, also, the most economical preparation a person can buy, for they cost only 75 cents a large case, one of which is frequently enough to start a person to losing fat at the rate of 12 or 14 ounces a day. Pretty nearly every druggist keeps this tablet in stock, but should yours be sold out, you can easily obtain a case by sending to the makers, the Marmola Company, 1228 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Saving.

Sally (who has screamed before consulting doctor that the fee for first visit is $2, subsequent visits being only $1)—Well, doctor, here we are again.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS FOR EVERYBODY

RUSHFIELD, N. Y., April 2, 1910.—The Directors of Franklin Institute today voted to prepare candidates for the next Railway Mail Clerk Examinations free of charge. A postal card to-day with applicant's name, addressed Dept. R 107, is sufficient application.

Expensive Habit.

"Isn't office-seeking rather expensive?" we asked the candidate who ran.

"Yes," he replied. "It costs almost as much as running an automobile."

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Leon, a chemist, at 126 Leon Bldg., 66 Marvin Ramos, has discovered a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $2 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Proved His Courage.

Miles—Why do you think Knox is such a brave man?

Giles—Why, I once heard him tell a woman that her baby looked like all other babies.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

$5.00 a year on one of our farms down near Mobile. Let us prove it. Treat you square, and locate you in a healthy country. Write J. E. Regan, 520 L. Keystone Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. You can grow and sell something every month.

She Is.

Little Willie—Say, pa?

Pa—Well, what is it, my son?

Little Willie—Is a cuckoo a woman who can cook?

WOMEN SHOULD KNOW THIS.

Have you tried various remedies for diseases peculiar to your sex? Suppositories and douches are mostly cocoa butter, olive oil or other fats. They can't cure you. Medical Science has discovered that these fats and oils prevent the action of the medicine. You should know why. I want to explain it to you. And I want you to try a remedy which will cure—which contains no oils or fats—but pure medicine that acts quickly and surely. I will send a liberal trial, and the explanatory booklet absolutely free. Address Ella Hayward, Box 456, South Bend, Ind.

Good Guess.

Visitor—I presume it was your ignorance that brought you here.

Prisoner—Say, boss, I guess you hit it right! If I'd 'a' known de combination of de safe I'd never had to make de noise I did. Gee, de stuff woke de hull town when it went off!

BIG COMPANY DISTRIBUTES BIG MEDICAL BOOK FREE.

The well known Pierce Co. of Buffalo, is advertising its business by giving away free of charge copies of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." This famous book has 1,008 pages with engravings and color plates and the copies of the new revised edition that are given away are bound in cloth. This book treats of Anatomy, Hygiene, Medicine, Mother and Babe and every family ought to grasp this opportunity to get a copy free by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce at the address given in the advertisement on page 16 of this paper.

Then He Does.

"A man never really knows his friends," said the moralizer.

"He doesn't," replied the demoralizer, "until they become his enemies."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Simone Mignolet's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes any defect in the skin, scalp, blemish or wrinkle, gives the rich colour and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and restitutes to the cheeks, preserving it in its condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than pleased with the results. Sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, on receipt of 50c and filled at any drug store in a very small time. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 681, Huntsville, Pa.

Mrs. Newwed—My mother writes that she is coming to stay three months.

Mr. Newwed—Thank Heaven for that! She knows how to cook.

A New Cure.

Mrs. Cribber—What has become of all your Cleopatra jewelry—the asps, snakes, serpents, and things?

Mrs. Bibber—Hush! Don't let my husband hear you. I have hidden them away.

Mrs. Cribber—Haven't you worn them at all?

Mrs. Bibber—I wore them once, and the moment my husband saw them he rushed off to a doctor. The next morning he took the pledge. I shan't wear them again unless he backslides.

Rather Expensive.

"Runnin' one o' them air ottermobeels do be fine sport, I reckon," said the old farmer, as he watched the owner cranking up the engine.

"Fine is the proper name for it," answered the other. "I've paid more money for fines during the past year than I paid for the machine."

she'd finished, she pronounced the dinner fine—but it divorced the little man from eight dollars and a dime.

Light. Burden.

The feelings of the coal dealer were much injured.

"Sell a short ton of coal?" he echoed, raising his hands in protest. "Why, my dear man, if that should happen it would weigh on my conscience the rest of my life."

"Well," responded the customer, with much feeling, "if it didn't weigh any more on your conscience that it does on your scales, I don't think you would notice it much."

The Glutton.

Daughter (in whisper)—I never felt so ashamed of pa in my life. He boasted in the diner that he had eaten a whole chicken, a two-inch steak and topped it off with a lobster and a welsh rarebit.

Mother—Gracious! And did the other diners make any comment?

Daughter—Yes, a drummer asked pa if he thought he was on the "Great Gorge route."

Limit. Too High.

Travers—What became of that bunch of sweet girl graduates who banded together a year ago, declaring they would only marry men who could show at least $2,000?

Homer—Oh, the bunch is still intact: but I understand they recently voted to cut the limit down to $9.98.

Discovered at. Last.

Mrs. Hix—They say Mrs. Gaffney has the real thing in the ideal husband line,

Mrs. Dix—Indeed!

Mrs. Hix—Yes. I understand he sits up and mends her clothes after she has gone to bed.

A Lazy Husband.

Harry—Wot's yer hurry, Bill?

Bill—I've got to go to work.

Harry—Work? Why, wot's the matter with the missis? Ain't she well?

HER MISTAKE.

She—Sir! Why do you bow to me? I don't know you!

He—I ain't bowing. Me stud's slipped down the back of me neck.

Cutting Them Down.

"In serving steaks," read the restaurant proprietor as he turned over the leaves of his guide, "special attention should always be given to the trimmings."

Then he pondered.

"By jinks!" he soliloquized, with a smile. "That sounds good. Maybe I don't trim my steaks sufficiently."

And going back to the kitchen, he trimmed a quarter of a pound off each sirloin and raised the price two bits.

A Disgusted Boy.

A Lindsborg boy had been clothed with his father's cast-off wardrobe and was one day found crying behind the barn. "Papa's gone and shaved his face clean," he explained, "and I suppose I'll have to wear them red whiskers now."

Two-Sided Deceit.

Ella—Mr. Fooleror and his young wife are at swords' points all the time.

Ellen—What a pity! I was so sure they had married for love!

Ella—They did marry for love—for love of money—and both are disappointed.

An Undesirable Servant.

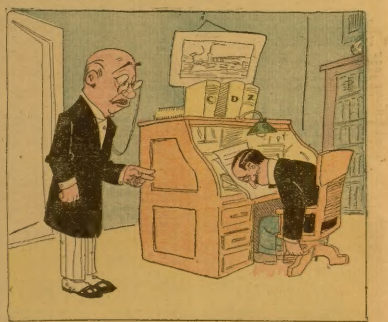
Caller—How pleased you must be to find that your new cook is a stayer.

Hostess—My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer, all right, but, unfortunately, she's not a cook.

No Lamb for Mary.

Mary met a little man, who took her out to dine. "I'll mutton chops for you," he said; said she, "No lamb for mine." Then she grabbed the bill of fare and, meandering down the line, ordered all the other stuff from soup to nuts and wine. When at last

LITERAL.



Manager—What do you mean, sir, by sleeping during business hours?

Bookkeeper—I'm not sleeping. I'm merely putting my mind on my work, as you told me to, sir.

DELICATE HINT.

Grace—Oh, Harold, what did papa say?

Harold (just ejected from the library)—Not a word, pet. But there was something in his manner that leads me to believe he is opposed to our engagement.

Another Yarn.

"And you were once the tattooed man in the circus?" said the sympathetic housewife.

"Yes, mum," responded Sandy Pikes, as he speared a buckwheat cake with his fork. "And once you were caught in a rainstorm and all your colors ran together? Poor man! Were you out of a job long?"

"No, indeed, mum. Dat very night I went around to de melodrama and got a job as a 'deep-dyed villain.'"

Careless Traveler.

Chicago Man (on Washington Limited)—Hello! What's the matter?

Conductor—Matter?

Chicago Man—Yes; what are you stopping here for?

Conductor—This is Philadelphia.

Chicago Man—Well, I'll be dinged! I intended to take the through express, and I've struck a way train.

A Rushing Business.

American Citizen—Welcome to free America!

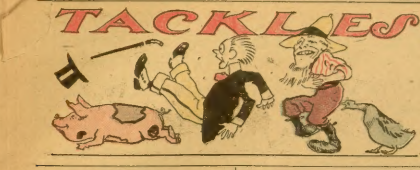
Italian Immigrant (just landed)—Please show me where I can buy some knives and pistols.

Unsatisfactory Shopping Place.

Daughter—Here is Bigg, Stocke & Co's great store. Let's go in.

Mother—No, no. No matter what we ask for, they will be sure to have it.

TACKLES



New One.

Editor—Why should I help you? Why don't you go to work?

Tired Tramp—I am a spring poet, mister, but me spring's busted and won't do no work till I get it mended. Dat's why I wanta de nickel.

Can a Medicine Be a "Fake"

that has lived and grown in popularity for thirty years, and demonstrated its worth by actual cures of female ills in thousands and thousands of American families?

Any fair minded, intelligent person will emphatically answer NO! Such a medicine is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, and its ever increasing popularity is due to actual merit alone.

Romance vs. Reality.

Wedderly—These novelists are all nature fakers.

Singleton—What's the answer?

Wedderly—When the hero proposes to the heroine she always says, "Oh, this is so sudden." But it's different in real life. When I proposed to my wife she said, "Well, I think it's about time; I've been expecting you to make the break for six months!"

Why They Do It.

"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?"

"To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."

THE OPTIMIST.

He built his airy castle high,
Just keep right on a-piling
Until it tumbled—then the guy
Crawled from under smiling.

Advantage of the Big Hat.

Patience—You ought to just see her in her new hat. It improves her looks immensely.

Patrice—Oh, is it one of those things that entirely hide the face?

In Olden Days.

Caesar came home from the stadium and found his wife tinting her hair.

"The dye is out," cried the great man, as he took the bottle of coloring matter and cast it out of the window.

For even in those days peroxide flourished like the bay tree.

Wouldn't Do for Her.

Mother—I can't see why you should object to Mr. Goodsense.

Daughter—I never could marry such a man as that. He wears the cheapest kind of ready-made clothes.

Mother—That is mere idiosyncrasy.

Daughter—Y-e-s; but I'm afraid he'll want me to dress the same way.

An Economical Scheme.

"Bilkins asks all his friends to give him their diaries when they are through with them."

"What an idea! Does he get many?"

"Lots."

"But what a queer fad!"

"It isn't a fad. It's economy. That's how he gets his blank books."

The Waiter Remembered.

Seymour (in restaurant)—The waiter acts as if he had a grudge against you.

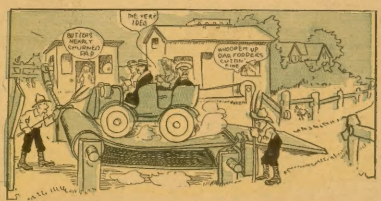
Ashley—Yes, he's mad because he took the last tip I offered him.

Seymour—What was the tip?

Ashley—A tip to buy a stock that tumbled twenty-two points today.

UTILIZING WASTE POWER.

1. Farmer Green—Hang them autos, runnin' over all the live stock and poultry!



"Thar, I reckon I've got ye now! Ye can work that dairy machine an' fodder cutter awhile, by gum!"

A Choice Seat.

Theatergoer (looking over diagram)—I will take this seat.

Boxkeeper—One of the pillars is directly in front of that seat, sir.

Theatergoer—So I observed. I prefer a pillar to a high hat.

Genealogical.

She—How far can your ancestry be traced?

He—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank, they traced him as far as China, but he got away.

A Wise Hint.

"It's a good plan to lay something by for a rainy day," observed the Wise Guy.

"Yes, but don't invest all your money in umbrellas," cautioned the Simple Mug.

Just. Engaged.

He—Why are you so sad, darling?

She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till tomorrow.

Rather Sticky.

It was in the old parlor.

"My rose," he whispered, pressing her fair cheek against his own.

"My cactus," he said, the pretty girl, noticing that he needed a shave.

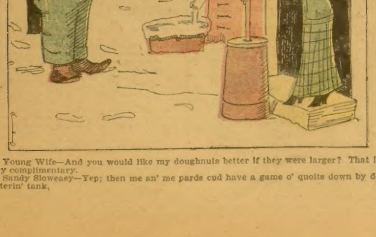
And yet they say women have no sense of humor.

Sunday Observances.

Wife—I'd like to know what you go to the club for on Sundays. Are the card rooms and billiard rooms open on Sunday?

Husband—Oh, no, my dear—oh, indeed. We wouldn't think of such desecration. Everything is closed but the bar.

INSTEAD OF HORSESHOES.



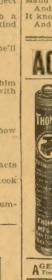
Young Wife—And you would like my doughnuts better if they were larger? That is very complimentary.

Sandy Sloweasy—Yep; then me an' me pards cud have a game o' quoits down by de waterin' tank.

POOR MAUD!

Maud went up in an aeroplane
And came down with a thud.
It knocked the "n" from out Maud's name—
And now her name is "Mud."

AGENTS WANTED



AGENTS $30 A Week

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED—We show you everything—help you get started. Only reliable men wanted. Write today. Address Thomas Manufacturing Co., 2317 Wayne St., Dayton, O. Thomas Fire Extinguisher—The easiest, quickest, fastest selling article ever offered the public. One to six sold in a house. Guaranteed to put out any fire. THOMAS FIRE EXTINGUISHER WITHOUT WATER—A child can use it. Always ready. Acts instantly. Absolute protection from horrible fire accidents. Call, demonstrate, take orders, collect cash, deliver goods, the whole thing. AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY. Enormous sales and big profits results. New to the market, store can't get it. Full particulars, terms, territory, exclusive selling plans FREE. Write now.

THOMAS MFG. CO. 2317 Wayne St. DAYTON, O.

AGENTS Earn $25 to $50 weekly selling Dress Goods. 36 Free needle. Sewed Needle, 101 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS wanted to sell Native Herbs, $3 hour, 250 tablets for 25c. Write E. F. Medicine, Columbus, O.

AGENTS CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. Richards Agency Co., Box 262, Station N, New York

AGENTS Guaranteed Hosiery is lightning seller. Nothing like it for making money. Free sample. FORSHEE CO., B 1910, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS $20 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required. 30 days on trial. Rubber pillow tops for all; exclusive portraits, beautiful pictures, frames; lowest prices; machine sent subject to approval. Free. Dept. B, Ritter Portrait Co., Ritter Bldg., Chicago.

WE PAY $96 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men who can write. Steady employment. Permanent. Write for terms. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67-J, Toronto, Ontario.

AGENTS Earn handsome income with quickest selling rug washer on the market; outfit free; exclusive territory; a season ahead; failure impossible. Write for terms. Security Rug Washer Co., Dept. 5, Peoria, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 25c, Frames 25c. Tapestries 25c. Stereoscopes and Cameras 25c. Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4755, 1627 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

$5 MEN WANTED QUICK! $5 to $8 Daily. Steady work; no investment required. Write quick for full particulars and valuable sample offer. Address MANAGER, 1218 State Street, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS: Pillow Tops, Bromides, Solar Prints, Frames, Easels, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Big Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1, 1627 W. Adams St., Chicago.

BIG MONEY selling our new Gold Letters for office windows, store fronts and glass signs. Easily applied. Sample with full particulars Free. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 410 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars

Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address ROBERTSON TOBACCO WORKS, Box 831, DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

YOU DON'T NEED EYES

to thread a needle with our needle threader. Copper tipped threader inside. Every woman buys. Agents coining money. Sample 10c. Agents wanted. Send for terms and to-one-a-customer offer. Needle Threader Co., Home Company, Dept. S, 123 Liberty St., New York

AGENTS Easy money demonstrating Tri-Mouth Bottle. Will instantly remove paint, grease, oil or any other dirt from any cloth or fabric. Big money for hustlers. Demonstration means sale. Sells to three sales. Particulars Free. Tri-Mouth Bottle Co., Security Co., Dept. A, Box 2246, Sheboygan, Wis.

AGENTS SEND 10c. NOW For handsome sample Garment Marker. Any lady with your name at once ordering sixteen pairs thereof. Big commissions for lady agents. Write today. Address Garment Marker Co., 1 Lafayette Place, Dept. F 30 Gerry St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

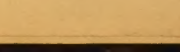
AGENTS WANTED Sell our Big $1 Bottle Specialties for $2 cents. 500 Per Cent Profit. Just send 50c for sample and full line with your first order. Territory Free. Write today. F. R. GREENE, 1 Lafayette St., Chicago.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS Sell Magnetic-Combs and get rich agents wanted everywhere. Sells on sight. Every woman buys. Big profits. Write quick for terms. Address MAGNETIC COMB CO., Dept. 1, Cincinnati, O.

LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB—They remove dandruff; stop falling hair. RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 6c stamps for sample. PROF. LONG, 727 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

Two Rings GIVEN Sell ten packages Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic at 25c per package and we will TRUST YOU. When sold send us $2.50 and we will send you choice from premium list. A reliable firm; cash feature your storebout Perfumer Co., Box 185, Woodsboro, Md.

Make Money Selling to Women Agents wanted in every county to introduce the Flat-Iron Prescott Flat-Iron Burns Alcohol Gas. Costs 1c per day. Agents are making from $300 to $1000 per year. Besides Free New York Flat Iron Co. Inc. 1180 Broadway, New York



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for our liberal proposition. Don't buy a bicycle or a sundry until you receive our latest catalogues and our unheard of prices and remarkable special offers.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to you anywhere in the U.S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you desire. If not perfectly satisfied or if in any way you do not wish to keep the bicycle you can ship it back at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We manufacture bicycles and sell them direct to the rider at lower prices than any other factory. We save you all middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DON'T BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues, prices and remarkable special offers.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study the many startling propositions we make at the wonderfully low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one profit above the cost of the material and labor. DO NOT WAIT, but write us today and learn all. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at sight and on our prices. Orders filled the day received.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, lamps, cyclometers, parts, sundries and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our Large Catalogue beautifully illustrated and containing a great deal of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. T-93, CHICAGO, ILL.

I Drank Heavily

Averaged 1 Quart Whisky Daily

I started young, with beer & ale—graduated* to hard liquor. Was proud of being a hearty drinker; of course no one could drink it every day. As time passed, I became often unable to work properly. Was often non-employed or nervous after work.

GUARANTEED 3 DAYS' CURE

I could not keep in steady employment, but was in constant danger of starving, injured family, lost my friends, was down and out. I was a pitiful wreck. Then one day I like thousands of others, might have died in former misery, poor home or on a county farm, I was fortunate enough to find a remedy that cured me. I had not realized that my craving for liquor was an unnatural, sickly, morbid wish to satisfy a nervous, exhausted condition caused by poisons. This was years ago. I would not say I was a total abstainer now, but entirely or other abnormal drink that I would take outside until I was sure I could control it. I have control of myself, my business and my home. I am grateful for my cure & in footing fortune of others, and I wanted.

$10,000 REWARD

My method is guaranteed and is supplied under my $10,000 BOND to CURE. You can now treatment which is their knowledge or security. My home treatment cures the drunkard whether he drinks moderately or excessively, whether he is a periodical drunkard, beer drinker, whether he is nervous, weak, shaky, or has delirium tremens, whether he is alcoholic and has chronic stomach, bowel, nerve, liver or kidney disease, whether he has periodic headaches, insomnia, dizziness, nervousness, whether he has rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, or any other disease or habit

Pure brandy never worked that way before. We was drugged, and when we come back to life the wheel was lashed and we was steerin' south. Jerry pretended to be dosed like the rest on us. Was he, d'ye think? No, sir, not a bit of it! Jerry drugged us, so he could take this ship into this unknown land, and then turned the Polly's head sou'ard. All the while we lay stupid she was foolin' it this way. Jerry did it all."

"I don't doubt that, Bijah. I have myself studied it out that way. Still, we can't blame Jerry. He wanted to get back to his people."

"He had taken his cradle oath, you see," interrupted Gretchen. "We all had to do that, in our earliest childhood. We had to swear that if fate carried us away, slingly, we would come back with help. Besides, Jerry has a wife and child here."

Bijah threw up his head stiffly and I saw that he was inclined to forgive easily, but I shut off further talk as skilfully as possible. For my own part I was not a very sorry we had come to the strange land.

"It's odd about the Flying Dutchman," said Bijah, after a few minutes. "I always heard she legged it west till off the Cape of Good Hope that Vanderdecken sailed, so how happens it that he is nigh Cape Horn? Yee, and on the Injend——"

I interrupted by giving him an order, and the subject was dropped. I did never care to have Gretchen hear the legend that was current among sailors, and know that the Flying Dutchman was reputed to be a timeblasted man with a time-old ship, sailing under a curse. Better that the tale told in watches below should be stilled for the present.

By this time the Polly had reached well into the seaboard and the land was growing dim in the distance. It lay a mere black spot in the night, and showing only where the headland reef itself at the extremity. I had gone to the after rail, and, leaning against it, was watching and doing some thinking when Solom's voice sounded at my elbow. Dieudonne was abated, of course, and he had come aft freely.

"Reggin' your pardon, sir," he said, "but do ye be the masterful chance we have to slip away all set, and stretch away for civilized waters? Why not go, eh? Why hang around here and get into more trouble from these savages back there?"

I wheeled upon him. Close to his side stood Gretchen, and I saw her gazing fixedly into my face. Plainly she awaited my verdict with anxiety.

"You've been thinking, Solom," I returned. "Well, so have I. I am going to order the Polly have to, for a boat and go back for while the ship sails off and on. We need Mynheer Vanderdecken here. With him we can put the matter to Oppomer and in seanhous stiffly. With him, I mean, we can give the patroons chance to run or stay. All the advantage will be with us. We must be off."

Gretchen seized my hand eagerly.

"Heaven bless you!" she exclaimed. "You have supposed just what I wanted to ask. Sir, my father is a noble man, and his failing to deal severe vigorously with Oppomer has been a weakness of his judgment, not of his heart. Once he is here he will summon courage and be our good, firm friend. I pray you, have him here."

"He shall come," I declared. "I'll have a boat lowered at once. In going I shall need but two men."

"I must go, too. My father might resist the arguments of a stranger, but he will listen to me."

"But you have done enough already——"

"I must go, too!" It must be so."

She was stubborn, and when I had reflected that I realized that her course was best. A long stay ashore would probably ruin all. She could get Vanderdecken to consent quicker than anybody else.

The outcome of the scheme was that we hove to, that night, which we had been towing astern, was pulled under the counter, and myself, Peter Avery and Justus Bridd sat at the oars, we began our return. Both of the rowers had been represented as thoroughly reliable, and I trusted to their good will and faith.

We first took a course well to the eastward of the promontory, and then, coming around in a half-circle, finally made land at the same point where Gretchen and I had previously embarked. She had asked leave to go on her father alone, and as the village and the high area were alike dark and quiet, I agreed, with some reluctance.

She slipped away into the darkness lightfooted, and then began our wait. Hardly a word was spoken in the boat, and, fortunately, our patience was not to be seriously taxed. In half an hour or so dark spots moved in the night, came nearer, and then resolved themselves into the persons of Gretchen and Jan Vanderdecken.

The Flying Dutchman walked ponderously, but I was soon to see that he was not uncertain of mind. He shook my hand warmly.

"It is the best way," he said.

"Then you will go?" I asked.

"I have so decided. My daughter has satisfied me that it is the only way. Mynheer Oppomer is ashore, and as he has so many more men than we, strategy is impossible. Time with us in the ship we can make terms with them."

"And terms," I added, "that will save every person's face."

"Excellent!"

"I left seen Jerry Whitebone," said Gretchen, "and he will soon follow us with his wife and child. I think he will come for us to wait. He has a pikarro at his service."

"Let us go," exclaimed Vanderdecken.

"But how will Jerry find us?" I asked.

"I promised that a light should burn from the vessel."

Father and daughter had stepped into the boat, and though I received it best to wait for Jerry, I yielded the point. Vanderdecken himself, given the word to the oarsmen, and we put off from land. A few strokes took us out of the miniature cove and we began our return to the Cumtan Polly.

Looking outward I could see nothing of the ship, but it was not to be doubted that we could find her. It was full time that we did so. Clouds were piling up against the sky, the wind had freshened, and already the water began running more roughly and lapping with a marked "chug" against our boat. I did not like the swell.

Vanderdecken noticed that I studied the heavens.

"A storm is coming," he remarked.

"You know this region better than I. How soon will it break?"

"It is not easy to tell. Sometimes, in this land, storms come as quickly as squalls."

I saw no reason for worry. It was not in reason that the elements should give serious trouble before we touched the Cousin Polly, as the ship was large and broad and concentrated my attention on the seaboard. Peer as I might, I saw nothing of the Polly, but the wind had increased.

We made the usual detour and then were around to the west. Five minutes more should bring us within sight of the Polly. Avery and Holmes were pulling easily and skilfully, the oars giving forth but little sound, and thus it was that, having so silently a sea around us, we plainly distinguished a new and unexpected sound. It came suddenly, from astern, and perplexed me.

The sound was that of shatting sails and creaking blocks, yet the time was astern, and the Polly ought to be on our bows.

I looked back but saw nothing, yet the sounds continued and I was not much of a sailor to be deceived. Nothing else was like the noise of a vessel under sail. For the time being I was bewildered, but finally decided that the Polly must have been taken out of her true course, I ordered the men to stop rowing. Then, with the oars boated, lay still and listened.

"Your ship is near, captain," said Gretchen. "I can hear her sails."

"I am not sure——"

I began hesitatingly, and then, as I gazed astern, I saw a dark bulk come out of the gloom. It was a vessel sure enough, but it in nowise resembled the craft that was not the Polly. The craft was schooner-rigged.

Another hallucination, and I knew the truth. It was the Mary of Salem, free from the cove where we had lain, and now under full sail. More, she was bearing down full upon us, and liable to cut us down.

(CHAPTER XVIII.

DRIVEN BY THE GALE.

The whole affair was bewildering and startling. Believing that Tony Mossett was secured in the hold of the Mary of Salem, and that there was nobody else in the village party who knew anything about vessels, it never occurred to me that schooner almost fully clad in canvas and footing it so fast. Because of the danger, however, compelled me to give instant heed to something else, and I wheeled upon the caramite.

"Pull for your lives!" I ordered sharply. "Pull, or we will run into the Mary!"

They came out of their trance and dipped their oars deeply, and the boat shot back to me to see how well the native boat moved with the call upon her. Under their strokes she moved cleanly, getting to one side in fine shape, but the outcome was yet in problem. The schooner was under sail, and with a fine quartering breeze she was cutting the water like a knife, and sending the waves leaping and frothing to either side. The danger of being run down passed as she raced by us, but we were dangerously near, and now we received her full wash of water that came over and ripped her gunwale at almost the first blow. Wave followed wave, and I saw the boat leaping like a live creature in distress.

I saw that the oarsmen were successfully keeping her head to the wash, and, my efforts not being necessary, I instinctively looked for the schooner.

Along her rail I saw human beings, and a voice rang out in a loud hail from one of the party.

"Boat, ahoy!"

It was a true sailor's hail in words and accents, and it came to me that it was Tony Mossett in the bow. Then I thought I could swear that I distinguished him in the waist.

The Mary passed with loud arguing, and and creaking, leaving us to toss alone in the night. Her sails gleamed gray in the night, she filled the center field for a space, and then she was gone.

"Almost run down!" I muttered.

"What a commotion a big ship makes!" exclaimed Bijah.

"All that saved us," added Avery, "was my knowledge gained from rowing in a squall."

"If that water had hit us amidships, my friend," I declared, "we would have gone over."

"Tony Mossett was there," Gretchen pursued.

I thought as much. But who else was there?"

"His fellow pirates, I suppose."

"If so, he has mutinied. The schooner is being neatly handled, and it takes seamanship to do that. My mind runs to Jerry. What worried me most is that the Mary is laying a course direct for the Cousin Polly. There must be collision, after all."

Vanderdecken had been watching in perplexity, unable to comprehend what the schooner was, and he had questions to ask, but I requested that he wait for explanations. I was anxious to sight the Polly and board her, so I bade my men pull their hardest. We were by now seemingly alone in the seaboard, but my eyes were strained to make out any dark bulk.

"Suppose," asked Gretchen, "that you hail the wrong vessel? We may come upon the schooner again."

"I don't like the waters here," remarked the Flying Dutchman. "It grows rougher steadily and fast, and the wind sharpens. I trust we do not have to fight the gale, for when the gale fully breaks upon us."

I hoped so, but the wind and concussions were helped on by the leaping swell. We were well out of the wash of the Mary, but the plunging of the boat, and the wash and the caps of the waves splashed spitefully over the starboard gunwale.

All of my attention was directed to the task of sighting the Polly. For the first time in days I regretted that some better way had not been established between Bijah and myself, but my anxiety was not wholly unselfish. A dark shape showed on our weather beam, and at first view satisfied me that it was the ship, bove to and pitching on the swell.

My quick hail was answered and I recognized Solon's voice, so the situation, with the schooner invisible, was simplified at once.

Better yet, Jerry Whitebone and his boat now showed astern, and it only remained to board the ship.

In ten minutes this was accomplished, and our hearts lightened, we added to our reduced canvas and got under way again.

It was none too soon for, as Bijah and I

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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his hands. The whole mass was almost entirely pure gold. Within the little cavity was a fortune! As soon as he had recovered from his amazement at the wonderful discovery he was about to proclaim the good news to those at the windlass, but the next moment decided to give them a little surprise.

Carefully he gathered up every particle of the yellow mass and placed it in the tub. Then he climbed the rope to the top.

"I thought I might as well knock off work for the day," he said, as he reached the landing. "But I have one more tub'ful of stuff which we will haul up before we quit."

Fenton took hold of one end of the windlass and the tub was soon brought to the top.

"I wish you would take a look at that stuff, Fitter," said Fenton, "and tell us what you think of it."

Fitter went over to the tub, took some of the ore in his hand and examined it, a curious look on his face, which gradually merged into one of utter amazement.

"Why, by the Great Joshua!" he cried, it's gold!"

Mark, who was also bending over the tub, looked at the old prospector in astonishment.

"Gold!" he gasped.

"Gold!" repeated Fitter. "The whole batch is almost pure gold!"

"That is what I pronounce it," replied Fenton.

"Why, it is impossible," cried Mark. "Surely you don't mean it?"

"Mean it? I reckon I do," affirmed Fitter. "It's gold, I tell you, and what's in that tub is worth a few thousand dollars," he added lifting the tub from the platform with a great effort.

Mark was stupefied with astonishment. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses.

"Yes, it's gold, sure enough," assured Fenton, "it's one of the biggest strikes ever made in Arizona!"

"Great Scott!" cried Mark. "Surely the whole vein can't be like this."

"It was a pocket, such as has been found in rich veins of quartz before, and what you see in the tub there is all there was," Fenton replied. "As Fitter said, there are perhaps forty or fifty thousand dollars worth of stuff there—a mighty big sum to have lying around. We ought to get it away from here as soon as possible."

"That is quite exactly," agreed Fitter. "We had better take the whole output away at once."

"The nearest reduction mills are at Rawhide City," said Fenton, "That is fifty miles from here, and as rough a country to pass through as one could find. We can use the burros to get the ore away, but some one must remain at the mine."

"That is right," agreed Fitter. "But the strongest force must be sent with the ore. I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me plenty of ammunition, a good rifle and a pistol and I'll stay here and hold the fort till you get back. You can take Mark and Frank with you, and it would be a good idea to keep a sharp lookout for Mountain Joe and the other fellows. They may be lying in wait for us to make some move like this."

Fenton readily agreed to this, and preparations were made for an early start the following morning.

While they were discussing the matter, Frank Fenton arrived from a jaunt in the hills, where he had been in search of game. He brought with him a saddle of antelope, but the remark of his expedition was quickly forgotten on his being informed of the big strike that had been made in the Whispering Pine during his absence.

"You are a lucky fellow in the world," he cried, clasping Mark's hand in congratulations. "I never was so glad."

While he was to accompany Fenton and Mark on the journey to Rawhide City, where the ore was to be taken to the mill, he was enthusiastic.

"Why, hooray, or ob-ray," he said, "I was stranded, dead broke, and not a friend in sight. Now I'm in the employment of a young gold king who commissions me to act as escort to a treasure worth a fortune! I shall have to write a letter to my gaxly about this, and he'll think I'm going some."

"I guess you'd better wait till we get through the mountains with this stuff before you plan what you are going to write," smiled Dan. "There is no telling what we may run up against on the journey."

"That is right," replied Fenton gravely. "We have got to keep a lookout, for in these hills are human wolves, more dangerous than those that hark on the trail of their prey at night."

CHAPTER XII.

FOES IN AMBUSH.

Night was coming down rapidly over mountain and valley, and while the red glow of the sunken sun still lingered on the mountain tops, deep down in the gulches the black shadows were gathering.

In a deep canyon, above which the towering cliffs rose grim and forbidding, a fire was burning. Moving hither and thither about the blaze, Mark Huber and Frank Stetson were busily engaged in preparing supper.

Near the fire, piled against the rocky wall, were the heavy canvas bags in which the precious ore was carried. A few minutes down the canyon, where it widened into a small valley, cause the braying of a donkey.

"I am afraid that means the quiet of the romantic thought this scene inspired," remarked Frank with a grimace.

"I suppose the little burro is simply singing the praises of the grass which he found in the valley," smiled Mark. "A burro, as it happens, is a very practical creature, and isn't likely to be attracted by the beauties of Arizona scenery."

"Well, I can't say that I blame him. The smell of that coffee on the fire makes me quite forget the inspiring scene."

He brought a pan of smoking bacon and placed it in a the plate on the strip of canvas which did duty as table, while Mark rustled sundry articles from the grub box and brought coffee.

"I do wonder what is keeping Mr. Fenton," remarked Frank, as he turned his gaze down the canyon. "He is not one who is likely to be delayed at suppertime by the picturesque scenery."

"Oh, he'll show up by the time the coffee cools."

Mark threw himself on the dry earth, leaning his head against a boulder, while Frank took a seat by the improvised table.

But the minutes passed, the night settled, and still Fenton did not appear.

"I don't like this," said Mark a little uneasily. "Something must have happened to him."

"I hope not," responded Frank.

"I'll just take a turn down the canyon and see," said Mark, rising.

He slung his rifle over his shoulder and walked down the canyon briskly.

It had already grown so dark that Mark was compelled to pick his way slowly among the boulders, which were scattered thickly over the uneven surface of the ground, and as he vanished from sight in the darkness, Frank replaced the coffee on the fire and sat down to wait for the other's return.

He heard the voice of Mark a few moments later calling to Fenton, but there was no reply. Frank could hear the murmur of the water that came down over a stony bed in the depths of the canyon, and somewhere amid the chaparral a night bird uttered its discordant notes.

The boy's journey had been a toilsome one, and Frank felt a sense of weariness coming over him. He was hungry as well, and he was impatient for the return of Mark and Fenton, as that they might have supper over and get their much needed rest.

But the minutes passed, the darkness deepened and after a half-hour there was no sign of Mark or Fenton.

Frank rose, feeling a vague sense of alarm stealing over him. Something must have happened.

The fire had burned to a heap of embers, and the coffee pot had grown cold on the cooling coals. Only a dull, red glow reverberated from the smouldering fire, and outside of this narrow circle the shadows of night lay thick and impenetrable.

Frank bent his head and listened intently. All was silent save the murmuring of the waters in the canyon. Frank's alarm increased. He was about to call to his missing friends when it suddenly occurred to him that such a course might be the height of folly. Foes were lurking near, it were best to keep silent.

He bent and took up his rifle, and with noiseless tread crept down into the canyon.

It was so intensely dark that he was compelled to grope his way carefully among the huge boulders and through the interlacing foliage of the chaparral.

He was now more than ever convinced that something had happened to his friends. His thoughts instantly reverted to Nathan Ray and his rascally companion. They might at this very moment be lurking in the canyon. It was true that nothing had been seen or heard of the pair since their departure after their defeat at the Whispering Pine, but it was quite clear they had abandoned their evil project.

Frank paused again and listened. Hearing nothing, he began to proceed when he caught the faint sound of something moving through the chaparral.

In a moment he was alert and watchful, the thought that it was his friends returning, filled his breast, but he kept cautiously silent lest it should prove to be a foe.

Frank stood waiting, breathless and silent. Presently the sounds were pushing their way through the chaparral cautiously, coming directly toward the spot where Frank stood.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VILLAINOUS COMPACT.

We must now take a brief glance at Nathan Ray and his companion, Mountain Joe, after their defeat at the Whispering Pine, during the night and next day.

Seeing the futility of remaining in the locality, now that the mine had been wrested from them, they decided to leave. The wound inflicted in the arm of Templeton by the shot from Frank's rifle was but slight, and having dressed it, they packed their effects on their burros and had just brought with them and set out in the direction of the valley beyond the range of hills. It was their intention to remain there till they could get in communication with Mountain Joe and Fitter.

On the departure of the Apaches, Mountain Joe had followed them, much surprised over their sudden and unexpected departure, and determined, should it be possible, to induce them to return.

"You can just hang around over in the valley till I get back," said Ray to Templeton, as he started in pursuit of the Apaches, "and by the time I get the Indians into coming back we'll start something that will be powerful interesting to the fellows at the mine."

As Ray and Templeton entered the valley across the hills they were a little surprised to find that they were not to be alone. Encamped on the banks of a small stream, were two men—strangers to the new arrivals, but they were not long to remain as such. Ray, City Wolf Jones and Jerry Jessup, who have already been introduced to the reader, had encountered the associates for Templeton and Ray.

Wyoming Jim had just removed from a reconnaissance of the mine, and had witnessed the encounter between the two men and the other fellows. He was busy making the acquaintance of the new arrivals.

"I guess my partner and I are just the ones you want to see," he declared, after the greeting the two. "I happened to see the little skirmish you had over there at the mine, and I'm willing to bet my pile in the frame of mind to give up the fight if you see any chance of winning out."

"No, by thunder!" cried Templeton, with an oath.

"That's good. I guess it won't take us long to get together. We are in on this game, but are working on a different plan. You were trying, as I understand it, to hold the mine. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Can you do it according to law?"

"That remains to be seen."

"But who staked it first?"

"We shall prove that we did."

"And they may prove the contrary?"

"They will try it, I."

"Have you registered at the Government offices?"

"Not yet."

"Have the other fellows?"

"I don't know, but I am afraid they have."

"Then your cake is dough."

"How is that?"

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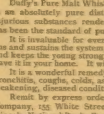

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"Is that the law?"

"It is."

"Then, even if I could prove that I had staked the claim before the others staked it, it would not be sufficient to hold the claim?"

"No. If you had no record of your claim at the land office you would lose."

"But suppose the other fellows had made record at the land office of their claim and we could prove that it was not staked when we came?"

"That would do no good."

"Are you sure?" asked Templeton.

"I am," replied Wykoff. "I have been through all this sort of experience and I know that the man who gets his filings at the office has got a grip that you can't jar loose. The fact that a fellow has staked a claim is evidenced by his filing."

Templeton swore under his breath.

"What do you think of the outlook?" he asked, turning to Ray.

"I'll be blamed if I know a thing about this business," confessed Ray. "It is all Greek to me, but what this gentleman says sounds as if it were only too true."

"It is," nodded Wykoff.

"Then we may as well give over the fight," said Templeton, with a gesture of disgust.

"I hate to give up beaten," remarked Ray. "Is there no other turn we can take?"

Wykoff reflected a moment.

"There is another way," he said, "but the end would be the same. You might file a contest at the land office—under the laws of the mining district, and this might result in a receiver being appointed, but that would be all."

"Then I shall not want to go into it," said Templeton. "If we could have held the claim long enough to have gotten a considerable amount of ore in our possession and could have disposed of it before any action could have been taken, we might have profited."

"I understand that. The ore is very valuable, and it would not take much of it to give you a pretty good stake."

"That's the idea."

"Now we are coming to the point where we can get together," said Wykoff. "This ore, from what we have learned, is worth something like twenty thousand dollars a ton, or about ten dollars a pound. Am I right?"

"Yes, that is about the figure."

"Very well. My partner and I happened to learn all this and we have been lying here waiting for those fellows to start some of the ore to the mill. When they undertake it, we had planned to hold up the outfit, make away with the ore, and there you are."

"By George!" ejaculated Ray. "That would be an excellent plan, but—it would be highway robbery!"

"Nothing else," nodded Templeton.

Wykoff looked at the two with a calm scrutiny.

"Technically, it might be called that," he said, "yet the taking of a thousand pounds or so of the ore would not be quite so bad as stealing the whole mine."

Templeton and Ray winced visibly under the words.

"Of course," went on Wykoff, "all this business under discussion is not supposed to be one in which we could have the aid of the Young Men's Christian Association; so if you want to sidestep there is plenty of room."

He paused and looked at the others calmly.

Ray and Templeton were silent. They looked at each other questioningly. Templeton was the first to speak.

"I will own that I am not actively engaged in missionary work," he said, "but at the same time I try to conduct my business affairs in such a manner as to keep at large."

"Just so," added Wykoff. "I'm with you in that. If you want to join forces with us, all you have to do is to say so. We may need your help."

"We can hardly afford to lose out entirely—after having gone into the business," said Ray. "But I should like to stay in the background, if possible, as the boy knows me and might give me trouble in the furture."

"We appreciate that point," replied Wykoff. "I think we can arrange to dispose of it entirely. None of us want to be recognized, for that matter, and we can put that out of the question."

"How can it be done?" asked Templeton.

"Easily enough. A little stain on our faces, a few feathers for head dresses, and the Apaches will get the blame for what we do."

"By George! that is clever!" ejaculated Ray. "You can count me in on the deal."

"Same here," nodded Templeton. "The plan ought to work."

"It will," declared Wykoff. "But our Apaches will not run away as those at the mine did," he added with a laugh.

"Then you know about that?" asked Templeton.

"We saw the whole business from a distance. What was the matter?"

"We have not found out. The redskins must have got frightened and hit the grit. But after all it will help us in our present plan."

"Sure thing," agreed Wykoff. "The whole thing will be as easy as rolling off a log."

"By George! I believe you!" cried Templeton.

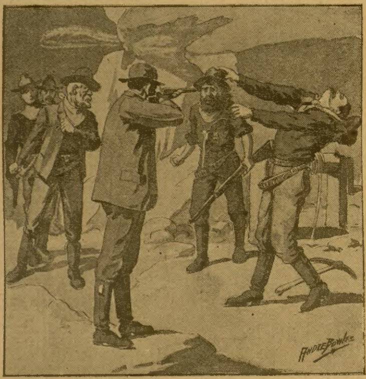
"There is something else it may interest you to know," went on Wykoff. "We have already planned a way by which we may get away with the ore and leave no trail behind."

"That is very important," remarked Ray. "It seems as if we were in luck to have met you."

"Lucky for us both," said Wykoff. "We can work the game together as fine as silk," and he unfolded his plan, giving it as it has already been given to the reader.

"That makes the whole business as simple as taking a drink," declared Templeton, drawing a bottle from his pocket and passing it to his new-found friends. "Let us drink to the success of our enterprise, and to poor Lo, whose bad reputation is to help shift the blame from our innocent heads!"

The bottle went round; they all shook hands and the compact was sealed.



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Facts Regarding Sleep.

It is generally known that the brain expends its energy during the hours of wakefulness, and that it is recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure the brain withers, and insanity is the result. Thus it is that, in ancient days, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs. Thus it is, also, that some of those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these: Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep; while the time "saved" from necessary sleep is assuredly destructive to mind and body. Give yourself, your children, and your servants the full amount of sleep they require, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake. If this plan is pursued, within a fortnight Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and satisfactory rule. As to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

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In Strange Seas.

(Continued from page eleven.)

deemed best, we ran before the wind, for the sweep from the east was getting new force every moment. The breeze came whistling through our rigging, and the seas were tumbling as if in anger, while the heavens astern were taking on an inky cast that boded trouble. To me it seemed like a squall, but all who knew the waters well were united in predicting a gale.

"Jerry," I asked, "how about the seaboard to the west?"

"It is clear for many a league," he replied. "Farther south are islands that would make our flight madness, but if we keep her up to her course we need not think of them. It's clear running."

This was encouraging, so I took a look aloft, found everything ship-shape as far as I could see, and then, with Solon at the wheel, I left Bijah in temporary charge and took my guests below. Both Vanderdecken and his daughter were in the best of shape, and I had nothing to do but to explain a little, showing them the cabin and the rooms alongside. I alloted quarters to them, giving another room to Jerry Whitebone's wife and child, and after that I was ready to assume my rightful duties on deck.

Standing there I could not but think what strange events had come into my life. The old-time forecastle legend of the Flying Dutchman and his accursed ship, of a voyage that was never to end, of frantic efforts to round the Cape, of century-old men and their stormbeaten ship and its blackened canvas—truly, when I had first heard that tale of the seas I had little believed I would ever entertain the Flying Dutchman in my own cabin.

These thoughts passed. Vanderdecken, wholly unfamiliar with the wild pitching of a big vessel, was bereft of some of his usual dignity as he squared himself to keep his equilibrium, while Gretchen was smiling upon me in her frank and friendly way.

"I suppose," said the father, "there is no danger to such a great ship as this, even in a storm."

"The Cousin Polly is very weatherly, sir," I replied evasively.

"So I believed. Well, captain, if you need me, call."

"I will do so gladly."

"I have a mind to go up with you," added Gretchen.

"Pray do not!" I exclaimed. "We need no help, and as the deck will often be up and down, it will be dangerous for one not used to sea life."

"I wouldn't mind the danger a bit!" she cried bravely, "but—well, I will obey."

"Really, I can't afford to lose my faithful helper overboard. I think you will see enough of roughness here."

At this point the ship pitched to leeward, driving all hands but myself against the cabin bulkhead, and, though we made a general laugh of it, I felt that she was likely to stay below.

I went on deck. Matters had grown worse during my absence. The wind was blowing a gale, the seas were leaping violently, and, with a great noise of straining hull, pounding sails and creaking blocks, we went flying along in the blackness born of the clouds and driving rain.

My first step was to see to our condition. Bijah, Jerry and Solon were the only seamen aboard, and my other helpers found all they could do to hold fast. I was inclined to send them below, fearing I might lose them overboard, and that meant sure death, but they bore themselves bravely, and Hendrik, in particular, was so alert and calm that I refrained. All had seen peril in squalls off the coast, so they were far from being total novices, and they adapted themselves to the ship well.

For the present, as sail had already been shortened to a proper point, there was nothing to do but hold the Polly to her course. Bijah and Solon were both at the wheel, and they were doing handsomely. In my long life at sea I never afterward saw five men who could equal Bijah at this work.

An hour we drove on swiftly, and then a sort of grayness stole into the gloom. It was day, and it lightened our hearts, but with the clouds so dark and the spray driving in sheets there was no real day about it.

Before then I had noticed a marked and unpleasant change in the temperature, and Jerry came sidling up to me, catching here and there to save himself from going overboard.

"It is very cold, sir," he shouted.

"Bleak enough. Why is it?" I replied.

"We have driven beyond the warm current. You know its influence reaches only a short distance beyond the land. I am looking for—ah! there it comes now!"

As he spoke, a sharp spit of hail drove into our faces.

"We are getting into the same weather they have off Cape Horn," he added.

It was not agreeable news. Cape Horn weather was bitter cold, freakish and chronically boisterous. If we had driven into that kind of trouble it was serious, and nobody knew what would happen. I was shivering with the bite of the blast, and as the first rush of hail was followed by a regular drive of snow, I sent all hands below to equip themselves in warmer clothing, myself following their example.

We were just in time, for the gale suddenly took on new fury and we dinned along madly, while the hail and snow beat us mercilessly. It was a time of worry, too, for the ship was straining dangerously. I was looking anxiously at the snapping masts when Jerry suddenly caught my arm.

"Look, look!" he cried. "The schooner again!"

It was so. Off our weather beam I made out the Mary of Salem, like ourselves, tempest-tossed and hard-driven, and perilously near our own hull.

"A collision!" added Jerry in alarm. "She will run into us!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this strange story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

The Last Straw.

He was round-faced, fat and good natured. When the wind took his hat, as he crossed Prospect avenue near the Rose building, and blew it into eight mud puddles and half-way up the next block, he merely smiled good naturedly.

Some kindly disposed man up the street overtook the hat and brought it to him with the mud dripping from its brim. Even the sweatband was saturated with oozy mud.

"I've got an office right over here in the Caxton building," said the obliging stranger. "Come over and we'll clean it up for you."

In a few minutes the fat man came out wearing his hat once more. It was still soiled but not so muddy that he couldn't put it on without looking as if he'd only half finished washing up after a minstrel show. Once more the north wind took up the headgear and blew it away with devilish glee.

Still the man was good natured. He chased it for about forty yards, and merely grinned at the additional strata of mud it had gathered. Just as he got hold of it still another gust of wind blew it out of his hands. It rolled not more than a half-dozen feet, however, and lodged against a waste paper box. But the fat, good-natured man had endured the last straw. He sunk his heel into the derby, then jumped on it with both feet until it was a flat, forlorn hunk of muddy felt.

And then and there he abandoned the flitting migratory lid.—Cleveland Plain Leader.

A Funny Proposition.

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of our species.

In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check he is a thief, and then the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't please him, as he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner and damned; if he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't he is stingy.

When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him—before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply in the way and living to save funeral expenses. Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same.

The Body and the Mind.

With the body uncared for it does not seem as if the mind could be in good condition. And surely when one has evil thoughts and bad manners the body will cease to be beautiful. The best motto for you, dear reader, to take in regard to your body is, "Be clean."

Many of us are unhappily handicapped from birth by ill health. Then all that we can do is to try to keep as well as possible, and determine that the weakness of the body shall not be reflected upon the mind. When "one's back is ailing, and one's legs are queer," then to make an effort to forget this and to fill the mind so full of cheerfulness that the looker-on will believe one beautiful is the greatest heroism. The best advice, then, is to take care of yourself; try and keep well and cheerful. Few people die from overwork. Many lose their good looks from idleness, constant discontent, and sulkiness. It is said that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Now you are not anxious to do either in a hurry; therefore resolve that, being happy, healthy and wise, you will make yourself, physically and mentally, a delight to all who come in contact with you, especially your relatives and friends.

Not Catching.

Much sobered by the importance of the news he had to communicate, youthful Thomas strode into the house and said breathlessly:

"Mother, they have a new baby next door, and the lady over there is awful sick. Mother, you ought to go right in and see her."

"Yes, dear," said the mother. "I will go over in a day or two, just as soon as she gets better."

"But, mother," persisted Thomas, "I think you ought to go in right away; she is real sick and maybe you can do something to help."

"Yes, dear," said the mother patiently, "but wait a day or so until she is just a little better."

Thomas seemed much dissatisfied at his mother's apparent lack of neighborly interest, and then something seemed to dawn upon him, for he blurted out: "Mother, you needn't be afraid—it ain't catching."

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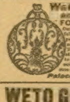

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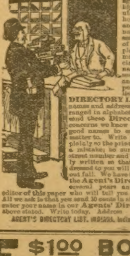

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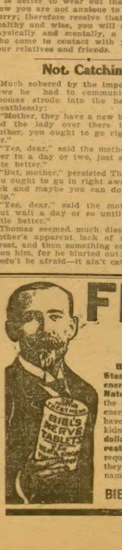

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Birds Big Eaters.

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can. If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen chickens for breakfast and six turkeys for his evening meal. A tree sparrow has been known to eat 709 grass seeds in a day. Relative to the bird's size, these seeds were as big as an ordinary lunch basket would be to a full grown man.

A bird's strength is equally amazing. A white-tailed eagle weighing twelve pounds, with a wing-spread of six feet, has been known to pounce on a pig weighing forty-two pounds, rise it to a height of 100 feet and fly off with it. The bird had covered a distance of half a mile before the pig's owner succeeded in shooting the thief.

Birds can and do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting will feed their young ones in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about a thousand in a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the worm. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 420 minutes, and the prey it carried consisted of larger, heavier and harder-to-find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twenty caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms and more than one fat chrysalis.

With Your Eyes Shut.

If you have never tried, you will be surprised how difficult it is to judge distance or the whereabouts of anything with your eyes shut. Place a piece of paper on the floor before you and, omitting your eyes, try to tread on it. Then try to pick it up. Next, stick a pin in the wall about four feet up and try to pick it out without "groping" for it.

Stand about six feet away from a table and, shutting your eyes, try to walk up to it without knocking against it.

ROVER'S READY RESCUE.

Susie's doll was made of wax,
And Mollie's made of china;
Susie's doll was Marie Belle,
But Mollie's doll was Dinah.

They loved those dollies ever so,
And brought them up so nicely,
But which was better of the two
I couldn't tell precisely.

One day, I never know just how,
Each pretty little dollie
Fell right into the great big pond,
Oh dear! what dismal folly!

The little mothers turned away
The sorry sight to cover,
And who should hear them sob and cry
But dear old faithful Rover.

Dogs always know just what to do;
He jumped into the water,
And on each happy mother's lap
He laid her dollie daughter.

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If you spit up sour or undigested food, |

If you have foul breath and coated tongue, |

If your bowels are irregular or constipated, |

If you have specks floating before the eyes, |

If you have dizziness or swimming of the head, |

If you have itching or burning of your skin, |

If you have hot and cold flashes over the body, |

If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck, |

If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating, |

If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged, |

If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints, |

If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion, |

If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids, |

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